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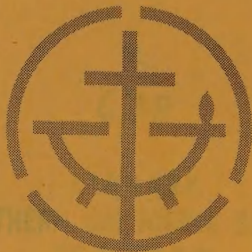


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# ADVENTURES IN THE MINDS OF MEN

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LYNN HAROLD HOUGH



SOUTHERN BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

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# ADVENTURES IN THE MINDS OF MEN

By  
LYNN HAROLD HOUGH



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I  
BOOKS AND MEN



## SITTING TOGETHER AT THE FIRESIDE

THE twenty-fifth book one has published ought to have some real reason for being. What has this one to say for itself? To you sitting with me by the fire I am willing to try to talk about it. For that grim specter the general public I have not a word.

If you should be brave enough to read it all, the rather easy-going talk on books and men, the conversations and the four rather more formal monographs, you will know that with all the differences in form and manner there is one story to tell and it has to do with a view of life and people and things which seems to me increasingly important as these impertinent years rush along.

Things seen here have looked out before through the pages of the *Methodist Review*, *The Christian Century*, *The Masonic Monthly*, *The Homiletic Review*, and the *London Quarterly Review*. But as at the end of an evening you say, "I met no end of people, but somehow they all fit together into one evening," so I dare believe there is unity in all this variety. A friend of many years, Dr. Frederick Carl Eiselen, was being made president of Garrett Biblical Institute when "The Making of a Prophet" was given at the Community Service; and my friend Dr. Guy Elmer Cutshall was being made president of Iliff School of Theology when "The Preacher as a Scholar" was given as an Inaugural Address. At a Matriculation Day observance of the School of Theology of Boston University the address on "Creative Preaching" was

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given to a singularly fine body of students. Personal experiences, reading, thinking, brooding, talking, how they all come together in a book like this! It is only a gesture really. But if you are quite responsive, I think our minds will actually meet.

LYNN HAROLD HOUGH.

## ADVENTURES AMONG THE MINDS OF MEN

BACKGROUNDS do make a difference. It was in a comfortable steamer chair on board that palace of the sea, the Leviathan, that I read a good deal of R. W. Livingstone's *Pageant of Greece*, finishing the book in London. The lovely summer weather, the gentle, friendly motion of the big boat, the vistas of gleaming sea as one looked up from reading just when the deck tipped at the right angle—all this in its own way fitted the historical anthology of Greek writing so happily interpreted by the understanding mind of Mr. Livingstone. I began to read the work of this Oxford scholar some years ago, journeying off with his mind in a literary bark of his, *The Greek Genius and Its Meaning for Us*, along with Professor Butcher's *Some Aspects of the Greek Genius*, together with other similar volumes, through wide joyous ways which opened into regions of rare and spacious loveliness. One might have been excused for a little resentment that all the years of Greek in college had never brought one a happy citizenship in this land of the white light of candor and the subtle play of happy harmonies. Mr. Livingstone's work as editor brought together a series of monographs of noteworthy quality in *The Legacy of Greece*, giving one a new understanding of the scientific significance of the Greek investigators, carrying farther insights which one connected with Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn's book *From the Greeks to Darwin*. Professor William Chase Greene in *The Achievement of Greece* has revealed

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many things which have to do with the life of Attica as seen through the eyes of a keenly responsive and highly trained American. And how one could go on! It is good to have all these books, rich with the rapture of an ancient beauty, acute with the discipline of an ancient taste, falling from the press in our own day. And each man gives something of himself as well as much of Athens, for the spirit by which Gilbert Murray lives is a modern spirit incandescent with the brightness of an ancient light. So the wisest of us remain Greeks while we live in the contemporary world. As one reads on shipboard, the ocean with its ceaseless suggestion of infinity seems to touch the shores of other days as well as the coasts of other lands. And so the sea lends itself to one's mood as the Athens of long ago comes out of the mists and gleams like the ocean, glad in the sunshine after days of storm.

And speaking of backgrounds, it was at a home of gracious manners, in Brooklyn, New York, a place of quiet dignity and an urbane responsiveness to those things which give mental and spiritual distinction to this baffling world, that I read Mrs. Edith Wharton's *False Dawn*. Mrs. Wharton has a curious fascination for me. With a mind of involved sophistication, an erudition which she carries lightly and likes to keep out of sight, but which appeared in full dress in *The Valley of Decision* years ago; with a style which reminds you of a subtly and exquisitely wrought coat of mail; with an occasional flashing of spiritual light, which glowed like a burst of sunrise in "Sanctuary" and seems to burn more fitfully in later days; with a terribly honest awareness of all that the Philistines say and do—has she lived too much in the cities of the



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plain?—in all this and in much more Mrs. Wharton possesses an equipment for mastering the mind and appealing to the taste which makes sure appeal. I am likely to surrender—though sometimes there are rumblings of angry protest under my enthusiasm. One could not forget *False Dawn*. That young man who sailed forth from New York in his happy youth and met the men America was not ready to hear and learned the standards of taste which America was not ready to heed, and who came back too joyously and to such disillusionment, is a figure for us all to contemplate with long and searching thoughts.

To be sure, there is much to remember as well as much to learn. For a number of months recently I made Paul Elmer More's *Shelburne Essays* a part of my meat and drink. To read the eleven volumes one after another is a memorable experience. Here you have a man who has lifted a defiant standard against all the blatant crassness of the modern world. What friends he has in eighteenth-century England—indeed, all along the course of English literature—in Greece, in India, and wherever men have found a fashion in which to clarify their thought, to discipline their taste, and to cast false sentiment to the dogs while they walk in the highways of that noble and controlled joy in beauty which is founded in intellectual candor, moral discernment and spiritual strength. A country like the United States comes to a sort of authentic day of judgment when such a man as Paul Elmer More lives within its borders. He can be astoundingly wrong. But so often he is gloriously—one had almost said intolerably—right.

One afternoon this summer I found myself with a

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couple of friends having tea at the home of that brilliant London journalist, Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, the editor of *The Spectator*. I had met him very pleasantly in 1922, when I had the pleasure too of reading that forthright and virile autobiography *The Adventure of Living*. Mr. Strachey's very physical appearance, his arresting face, and his movements and voice give you the sense of a man with backgrounds. It is not merely that in a very literal sense he is a gentleman of letters carrying a fine old family tradition into all his work. It is also and especially that he has made past thinkers his contemporaries and past experience his university. He plays with ideas as some men play with balls. And this is seen very characteristically in his recently published diary, *The River of Life*. This book does not have to do with events. It has to do with ideas and ideals. It is the mental playground of a lithe and athletic mind. Art and letters, nature and science, philosophy and poetry canter over these pages like well-groomed steeds. There is well-bred fun. There is no end of shrewd understanding comment. The river of life flows on. It reflects the foliage of the trees as it passes. There is gay and happy life upon its surface. There is the commerce of gifted minds. And sometimes even in the night of things there is the bright reflection of far shining stars.

When I returned to America, one of my first acts was the purchase of Bishop William F. McDowell's Merrick Lectures, *The Making of a Personal Faith*. On one side of his individuality there is something about Bishop McDowell which suggests Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey. There is the same indefinable but vividly present air of breeding about both. If Mr.

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Strachey's writing always reveals the gentleman as a man of letters, Bishop McDowell's reveals the gentleman as a man of religion.

You cannot read the words which fall from the pen of Bishop McDowell without thinking of Bishop Phillips Brooks. As a young man in Boston the spell of the great preacher fell upon him, and like odd flashes of light the influence of the experience has ever and anon played brightly about his speech and his writing in all the years which have followed. *Making a Personal Faith* is a book with its own power to clutch the heart as well as to command the attention of the mind. An old graduate, a man of large and generous culture, who has known many men and has traveled in many lands, who has looked keenly at life in large and significant areas, and has notably borne his own part in its activities, goes back to his university to tell the young men and women there of the adventure of making and maintaining a personal faith. It is a good and rewarding book.

One night in York—in old England—this summer I found myself in the pleasant home of Mr. Barker, the rector of Saint Clement's. Doctor Burroughs, the Dean of Bristol, was also spending the night there. The three of us talked until midnight, and it was one of those times when words are winged with a curious vitality. These two men, gentlemen of the world in a very fine sense, talked of the deep things of personal religion with a simplicity, a directness, and an understanding which I could not easily forget. And because of all this it was with all the greater relish that a little later I got into that remarkable volume—of which Dean Inge says that it will make a landmark in the

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history of the Church of England—*Liberal Evangelicalism*. The Dean of Bristol has written one of the ablest monographs which members of the Church of England have contributed to this very notable volume.

The Wesleyan movement left a deep mark upon the Church of England. Indeed, since the day of the great eighteenth-century leader there have always been evangelicals in the Church of England. In our own time they have been found in two groups. On the one side are those who reject the findings of critical scholarship in the Old and New Testaments, and look with hostility upon the contemporary scientific movement. On the other are those who believe that science rightly used is the handmaid of religion and that the implements of modern critical investigation should be included in the equipment of the Christian leader. The book *Liberal Evangelicalism* is a serious and powerful setting forth of the position of this second group by able representations from within the group itself. And I want to say very earnestly that it seems to me that, leaving out some more or less provincial matters having to do with the Anglican Church rather than with the whole Christian position, this volume is the ablest presentation of the ground which must be occupied by those who would combine a glowing evangelical experience with the acceptance of the justified conclusions of science and historical and literary criticism. One finds something nobler than argument here. One finds kindling and creative vitality. You feel at the close as if you have been listening to a triumphant blast of trumpets.

Two or three years ago I met Professor H. G. Wood, the keen-minded Quaker scholar, at the home of

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my friend Mr. Harry F. Keep, the Grange, in Birmingham, England. Professor Wood is a fully equipped and careful scholar whose work is characterized by poise, precision, and insight. I was very glad this summer to obtain his new volume, *Living Issues of Religious Thought*. These essays go all the way from George Fox to Bertrand Russell—especially Bertrand Russell. It is probable that Mr. Russell's philosophy, "firmly grounded upon final despair," has not elsewhere been dealt with by means of such devastating logic and such remorselessly effective analysis. In this volume a mind of singular subtlety of perception moves about among the problems which confront us to-day and one emerges from the study with mind sharpened by the tussle with contending forces and heart happily reassured. Like Gareth in Tennyson's poem, the reader finds that some giants are harmless children in big suits of armor.

A comprehensive view of the contemporary situation as it grows out of its historic roots is given in a very capable appraisal and interpretation by Professor Albert C. Knudson in the Mendenhall Lectures at DePauw University (1924)—*Present Tendencies in Religious Thought*. Professor Knudson moves more easily among German thinkers than among those of England and Scotland. Sir Henry Jones is not mentioned, though if only for *A Faith That Enquires*, and the whole meaning of the contemporary British application of Hegelianism to the problems of thought it would seem clear he had his place. Professor Webb, of Oxford, is not mentioned, though it would seem that his Lord Gifford Lectures discussing personality human and divine would entitle him to careful consideration.

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One will let it go at that, only adding without citing further examples of omitted names that Professor Knudson has put us all in his debt for what he does do, and that a genuine knowledge of the contents of this volume will enable the student to move with a new ease and assurance through many a modern path. There are not too many minds in America with a firm foundation in Continental religious thought. It is good to number Doctor Knudson among them.

Bishop Francis J. McConnell, who, with Professor Knudson, ranks as one of the most brilliant pupils of that thinker whose mind was like a Damascan blade, Professor Borden P. Bowne, has gone back to his early love in the volume *Is God Limited?* There is always a philosophical background to Bishop McConnell's most incidental thinking and his religious and social writings are set in a sure if invisible framework of philosophical principles. But it is good to have him dealing in in-and-out fashion once again with the problems of philosophy. And the cutting edge of his keen mind has never done better execution than in this clear and cogent piece of reasoning. Here's hoping that he may publish at least a volume now and then in which he turns the searchlight of his mind upon the ultimate problems of metaphysics. We have to be Christians with our minds if we are to remain Christians, and few men can bring such resources of reinforcement to our bitterly beleaguered ranks as can Francis J. McConnell.

One day this summer I rode from York to London with my friend Mr. Arthur Porritt, editor of *The Christian World*. Mr. Porritt is giving of his best to the World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches, which had just been meeting

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in the north of England. His mind played about all sorts of subjects in those hours as we rode from York to the British metropolis. To talk with him is like meeting a library come to life. And he carries his knowledge in the happiest and most human way. Mr. Porritt has just completed his *Life of John Henry Jowett*, recently published, and that great preacher was much in his mind. The sensitive, mystical, yet sturdily intellectual personality of Jowett does not suffer at the hands of Mr. Porritt. When once I got the book in my hands its pages seemed fairly to fly by me. Places of rare and noble memory, days of tense demand and unleashed passion form the background of this book. And standing forth clear and sharply outlined with gentle and gracious light falling about him is the figure of Jowett, with a quality of remoteness such as belonged to him in life still to be felt as one gazes on the picture, but with eyes very bright with the glory of the kingdom of God. To Doctor Jowett the invisible was never the impalpable. The magician of the words of the Spirit comes to be with us again for a little while in this book.

One day last summer—and now I am at the end of this bit of chatter about mental adventures—I found myself standing for the first time in the pulpit of Saint Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Frogna, Hampstead, that fine London suburb. Here Sir William Robertson Nicoll used to sit, with perhaps an editorial in the *British Weekly* moving quietly in his subconscious mind. Here Dr. John Kelman is bringing his rare and high gifts to a notable ministry. And here Alexander Whyte, long minister of Free Saint George's in Edinburgh, preached his last sermon.

Have you read the biography of Alexander Whyte

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by Dr. G. F. Barbour? If you have not, what happy hours await you!—hours of kindled and quickened mind, hours of roused and energized conscience, hours of goodly fellowship with that rare and notable product, a cosmopolitan Evangelical.

These have been my recent adventures. They may be your own. Here's good luck to you as you go forth to journey into the recesses of men's minds. Just at the last I'll tell you a secret. If you go to their minds, quite often, surprisingly often, you'll get a glimpse of men's hearts as well.



## WALTER LEAF, A BANKER AND SCHOLAR IN ONE

THERE are a good many men in London whose personality and activities have very great significance for Americans. Perhaps there is no one of them whose life brings a greater challenge to the typical American business man than Dr. Walter Leaf, the chairman of the London Westminster and Parr's system of banks.

I first met him a few weeks before the signing of the Armistice in 1918. A letter of introduction signed by that keen and discerning Homeric scholar Professor John Scott had resulted in an invitation to take luncheon with Doctor Leaf at his office in "the City." Seeing him there among men of affairs, close to the heart of the financial life of the empire, one felt the qualities which have made him take his own place among powerful bankers. He is a man whose insight, clear movement of mind and solid sagacity would command the high respect of business men anywhere in the world.

The subtle currents which travel through the world of finance are clearly visible to that trained and disciplined vision which he brings to bear on all their movements. Years of experience in business and years of activity in banking have made Doctor Leaf a leader whose sure and easy mastery in his own field would be quickly recognized by any able man of affairs.

You begin to apprehend the ampler aspects of the mind of this powerful banker when, at the Athenæum

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Club or in his own home, you hear him speak of the world of letters and the world of erudition. Here you discover the precision of statement and the exact scholarship which tell their own story of complete technical mastery. Then you are ready to learn of the unusual contribution which has given to Doctor Leaf a place all his own among Homeric scholars. It is not my purpose here to write of the editions of the *Iliad* which bear his name, nor of the *Companion to the Iliad*, with its full and persuasive scholarship, nor of the other books which bear their own testimony to years of patient research and all the discipline of a mind becoming conversant with every bit of significant testimony bearing on its own field.

I will recall for one moment a memory of Doctor Leaf in America giving a series of lectures at a great university and of the delightful contrast between the scholar in academic regalia who spoke with that quiet mastery which only full knowledge gives, and the banker I had seen so completely at home among men of financial power at the heart of London.

There is no end of scholars in the world. America itself has far more men and women of sure technical attainment in various fields than most people on the other side of the sea surmise. There is no end of bankers in the world. And America has contributed its own share to the group of men of financial leadership in our time. But to have the banker and the scholar made into one by a sort of marvelous, half-magical wedlock, to find a man eminent as one of the world's great bankers and also eminent as one of the world's great scholars, is indeed a happy surprise.

This summer, in his office in London, Doctor Leaf

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told me a little of how after his days in Cambridge there had come the untimely death of a dear friend whose very life was given to devotion to Greek. Then he had been persuaded to bring to completion a work which that friend had begun, but had left half finished at the end of his all too brief career. So one piece of work led to another and the young Cambridge scholar whose ambitions were essentially in the world of affairs became also a man whose Greek studies were carried on during all the days when he was entering more deeply into the activities which gave him the position he now holds in the world of finance. I have heard him say how in the bitter and difficult days of the war he found in his Greek studies a solace which helped him to bear the weight of the time when the very future of the world was hanging in the balance.

It is a curiously satisfying picture which arises in one's mind as he thinks of this banker scholar. A quiet face whose quiet at the same time gives you a sense of power, a voice with a disciplined gentleness which yet carries its own quality of authority, the figure of a man of many interests absorbing and significant, who moves about with the air of finding life full of opportunities for thought and activity, for research and for practical leadership come back to you when you have passed from his presence. The very face gives you a sense, as you talk quietly, of life as an ample thing to be used with economy of energy, but with full expenditure of enthusiasm through the years. I am approaching rather dangerously near that personal border line which I must not cross, but I must be allowed to add as much as this. Doctor Leaf gives one a sense that a banker who is a scholar lives in a far

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ampler world than a man who is a banker and nothing more.

America is not quite without its examples of the type of man who moves in the world of finance and is also a man of large and fruitful intellectual life. Edmund Clarence Stedman comes to one's mind at once when he thinks of Wall Street and Parnassus in the same breath. But we must all admit that America has had all too little of this sort of thing. And we have produced too many men who have been experts in one field of activity and men of the most provincial mental life outside of that. It has been sometimes a matter of sorrow to the friends of some of these men when the area of their self-confidence has been quite as large as the area of their ignorance.

A good deal of this sort of thing was natural enough in the younger days of the Republic. But the time when we can accept with complacency the theory that a man of business can be contented to be that and nothing more has definitely passed. And out from our colleges and universities are going to-day men who may become the creators and the exponents of an ampler and nobler intellectual tradition.

In the meantime our young men of the world of practical affairs, of business and finance, ought not to be allowed to forget the presence in the world of such men as Walter Leaf. The other day after lunching with him in his office at the bank I walked out and moved thoughtfully through the financial district of London. There was a sense of the involved and subtle relationships suggested by currency and banking and credits all about. But it was not of these things that I was thinking. A quiet face was before the eyes of

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my mind. It was the face of the alert banker, to be sure. But it was pre-eminently the face of a scholar. If one may paraphrase Plato, one may surely declare it a happy nation whose bankers are scholars and whose scholars are men of affairs. Does it seem Utopian to suggest that the United States of America may become such a land? I have too much confidence in my countrymen to believe that such an ideal is beyond their reach.

## THE MYSTERY OF LLOYD GEORGE<sup>1</sup>

A BIT of Peter Pan, a touch of Machiavelli, a mood now and then of Abraham Lincoln, enough of John Bull to make it easy for him to speak to Englishmen, enough of Celtic poetry to edge many of his words with a bright, rich flame, and a personal charm of his own, alluring and disarming; these are some of the elements which the student of men sees flashing in and out of the personality of Mr. Lloyd George.

It is always interesting to hear men talk about him. One day this summer in England I found myself in a little group where the prime minister was being very frankly and very fully discussed. One member of the party was a very distinguished American churchman ripe with years of human contact and observation and service. He spoke out with right hearty appreciation. He felt that Mr. Lloyd George had stood in a place of supreme difficulty and that he had met the demands of the hour with unusual understanding and power.

At once there was friendly objection from the two Englishmen who were with us. One of them was a writer whose words carry his opinions quite over the world. The other was a Free Church leader of outstanding keenness and influence. Both admitted the brilliant qualities of the prime minister. Both showed entire understanding of his power over men. One spoke with complete disillusionment. The other seemed to combine admiration and distrust. Incidents and experiences and bits of analysis were poured forth.

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<sup>1</sup> Written while Mr. George was Prime Minister.

## THE MYSTERY OF LLOYD GEORGE

Through it all there emerged the figure of a brilliant and fascinating man who has succeeded in maintaining power without being able to maintain moral authority. But even in the most cutting criticism there was evident a wistful desire that the masterful leader should find a quality and method of leadership which would restore him to a place of confidence.

I had the pleasure of attending the luncheon given by Sir Murray Hyslop at the Victoria Hotel to four hundred Free Churchmen with the prime minister as the guest of honor. A little while before as I was leaving a certain office with a clergyman who has received the highest recognition in his own denomination, a well-known Englishman who wears his title without self-consciousness looked whimsically at the two of us.

"Here you go to listen to Mr. Lloyd George," he said, "and he will completely mesmerize you. Now you have your own opinions. When he has finished, everything will be swept away except your admiration." Then with a chuckle he bade us "Good morning." The address a little later was a marvel of skillful dealing with an audience. It was full of pungent phrases. It had a mellow mood of hearty comradeship. It was swept at times by veritable gusts of powerful emotion. But the most significant thing about it was just the evidence it gave that the speaker thoroughly understood his hearers and had set their own thoughts and emotions to music by means of his persuasive and eloquent voice.

As a thrilling emotional attack on war it was a masterpiece. As a summons to the churches to make war impossible it was electric with light and fire. When in cold blood you asked just what the Free Churches of

## ADVENTURES IN THE MINDS OF MEN

England could have done in 1913 and 1914 to prevent the great catastrophe, it was clear that the speaker had never faced that critical question. When you asked what the Free Churches of England could do in the future if they were confronted by a similar crisis, it was equally evident that the speaker had no concrete and significant word to say.

He had condemned war with all the resources of a great orator. He had paid tribute to the institution which his hearers represented as the bearer of powers for the ending of such tragedy. But he had faced none of the central problems and he had offered no words of guidance in the direction of actual solutions. The address was a triumphant piece of diagnosis. It was impotent as a prescription. Mr. Lloyd George seems to have learned that enormous numbers of people are quite happy if you will just express their feelings. They will then allow you to do pretty much what you please in the direction of action. And nobody knows how to express other people's feelings better than Mr. Lloyd George.

From a good many directions the evidence of hesitation and of hostility to the prime minister are coming in. The episode in connection with which he succeeded Mr. Asquith as prime minister has not been forgotten. And there seems to be no way of explaining it which is entirely creditable to the man who emerged in control of the destinies of the British Empire. His leadership during the war is being subjected to the closest and most critical scrutiny. His curious habit of admitting to intimate friendship men whose character and way of life does not commend them has brought unhappiness to his friends.



## THE MYSTERY OF LLOYD GEORGE

I watched him one day this summer while some men of the cinematograph were capturing his movements and gestures. There was something rather revealing about the scene. There is a tiny touch of the *poseur* about him. Perhaps one reason why he had come through the terrible years behind us with a face so strangely unmarked by the tragedy lies just in the fact that an actor need not be heartbroken by the part which he plays.

One is inclined to think that an emotion is quite authentic to Mr. Lloyd George while it lasts. And one is inclined to think that he passes from emotion to emotion without any very deep sense of moral responsibility.

There are elements of great strength in this very sensitive and responsive emotional quality. It enables the prime minister to give all sorts of deputations the feeling that he is just the person to do justice to their point of view. He is able to get into the heart of any sort of subject with astonishing celerity and then to speak with astounding comprehension. Men dealing with the most subtle and intricate financial matters have found that when he entered a field new to him, he asked the right questions for a few days and then seemed to know the passwords as well as they and to speak with an apprehension of the principles involved which struck them as almost magical. This perpetual intellectual precocity has its limitations, of course. The flashes of intuition into a field which a man has not made his own by the slow process of patient discipline are not likely to remain a part of his permanent mental outfit. What he seems to see so clearly on one day may be forgotten on another.

## ADVENTURES IN THE MINDS OF MEN

Mr. Lloyd George is a man of ready and hearty response to the mystical appeal of religion. There are beautiful stories of wise words he has spoken about the deep summons of the religious life. The boy to whom he spoke of what personal religion might mean in his life will not forget the experience. And the Free Church leader who had offered support to the prime minister in Downing Street only to receive the reply, "Pray for me," feels the thrill of that moment to this day.

If any cause is nearer than another to the heart of the prime minister, it is the cause of the common people. One of the finest things about him is his complete sense of continuity with his own childhood limited by poverty. He knows the life of the poor. At heart he is one with them. And he desires with a great desire to make their lot permanently more happy and more noble. His first impulses of thought about every subject one imagines are shot through with the fires of a lofty idealism. It is only when he is confronted by the demands of difficult practical situations that the poet and seer seem for the moment lost in the adroit politician.

The inner fire keeps burning, and though he wanders away from it he always comes back to its warmth and glow. The times of which one likes best to think are those when standing in the presence of a great occasion he has spoken as a prophet and not as a manipulator of men. I shall not forget his speech in the House of Commons in 1919 on the evening when the measure committing Britain to the acceptance of the Peace Treaty was passed. Very noble words were spoken with a sense of their far-reaching meaning. The hope for a better world was alive in his utterance. At a

## THE MYSTERY OF LLOYD GEORGE

great moment in the life of the empire a dominant leader found words which rose to the demand of the occasion. When Mr. Lloyd George stands in the light of a high moment and speaks as he can then speak, one has a sense of moral and spiritual possibilities in his leadership which keep expectation alive.

Many men come to their great hours early. One has the feeling that there is still the opportunity for the greatest hour of all for Mr. Lloyd George. It would crown his career with a new quality of moral vigor and spiritual authenticity should he lift himself clear from the adroitnesses and evasions which so easily beset the practical politician and put the prophet who still speaks in his heart in command of his life. And such an accession of moral authority would give him a position which he has never known and such a position as has come to few British statesmen. It is part of the marvel of his personality that he gives you the sense that this is possible. He has not reached a place of moral exhaustion. He may yet make the great adventure.

## PAUL ELMER MORE AND OUR AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

PERHAPS I may admit that I claim a certain right to discuss Mr. Paul Elmer More and our American life just now. For within eight months, in the midst of all sorts of other duties and activities, I read the eleven volumes of the Shelburne Essays—every one of them. Then I went off to England for the summer, so seeing America once more from afar, and letting the hundred and twenty-five—or thereabouts—Shelburne Essays become mellow and productive in my subconscious life. Layers of other books have been piled upon them—in the aforesaid cellar of the subconscious—books of philosophy and theology, of biography and essay and exposition, of history and of theory, but well beneath them the Shelburne Essays lie in the mellow richness of these subconscious depths. At least I hope these depths are mellow and rich. At any rate, I am sure that only a preoccupation with lunatics and morons will lead to the conclusion that the subconscious is only a den of serpents. I am sure it is a receptacle of golden treasures. After all, what you send down comes back. That is why I put the Shelburne Essays on the lift—as my English friends would call it—and sent them down for a summer's quiet in the depths of my inner life. Now I am ready to call them up again. And I am myself curious to see how they have behaved hidden away in the cool darkness of the brooding underworld of my mind.

The man who first called Paul Elmer More our

## PAUL ELMER MORE

American Sainte-Beuve used an arresting phrase not without meaning in this connection. Men like More and Gamaliel Bradford—whose *Bare Souls* I am now reading with delight—are always haunted by the memory of Sainte Beuve. He did the thing before them. And, like the violinist who kept his eye on the far gallery, they want to see the master's approving smile. Gamaliel Bradford has industry, insight, and a lithe and athletic style. Paul Elmer More has that rare and memorable thing—an erudition attained through years of patient study and brooding meditation. When you compare Bradford with More, Bradford seems a clever and brightly precocious boy. More is the man of mature and mighty culture. For there is something mighty about such culture as his. He knows the literature of the ancient East. His very life has been lived in the culture of Greece. The Latin life has made friends with him. And the whole of English literature has flowed like a river through his brain. And it has left behind deposits rich and fertilizing, like those which constitute Egypt's great treasure from the Nile. He sees everything in the terms of everything else. He knows the ancestors of ideas which call themselves modern. He traces out the paternity of institutions. He is a marvelous detective who follows an ideal through all the changes with which, like Proteus, it moves through civilization after civilization and age after age.

This summer a delightful Englishman who was indulging just the slightest bit in that happy pastime of vicarious repentance admitted to me that Americans usually lack background. He did not add comment to the text. And being a very gracious Englishman,

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he did not add specific examples or illustrations. But the word, like a burr, stuck in my mind. I know that a great many Englishmen who do not use the word publicly think of it, and I have no doubt they use it privately. If there is any truth in what they say, Paul Elmer More is an apothecary with just the medicine we need. Talk about backgrounds! Most of the backgrounds possible to cultivated men lie—if I may use a mixed metaphor—tame and docile in his dooryard waiting for their master's voice.

I suppose it is true that we do a great deal of hoping and very little remembering. If we remembered more we would be wiser. Perhaps we would be less sure of ourselves. In any event we would have a great many friends we do not really know as yet. Culture would make our ancestors our contemporaries. And they are really very well worth knowing—at least some of them—and very well worth understanding—quite all of them. And the ancestors of other people—Greeks and Romans and Indians—how astoundingly well worth knowing they are! Their faces seem wistful sometimes as they look at us. For, being dead, they cannot make a noise to attract our attention. And we go on living our chaotic, whirling lives as if Aristotle had never taught us to classify the results of human experience and Plato had never taught us to feel the invisible clasping our hearts with divine hands.

For there—the secret is out! Paul Elmer More votes—I suppose he votes—in America. But he is really a Greek whose home is fifth-century Athens. He sees the machine-made present with the serene and clear and terribly understanding eyes of the greatest days of Greece.

## PAUL ELMER MORE

Modern Americans are not just characterized by humility, not very noticeably. They are not hunting for the disagreeable experience of an "inferiority complex." Perhaps it is the sure instinct of a menaced and embattled complacency which causes many of them to avoid anything like a real comprehension of the glory of Attica. Imagine Socrates at a Monday luncheon of the Rotary Club of an American city! But wouldn't he enjoy himself! And wouldn't the boys—Tom and Jim and the rest—go away with strange discomfort attacking them in the pit of the stomach and gradually ascending to what they have been pleased to call their brains!

That is the first thing about More. Greece has made him, yet he lives in America. He knows all the things we ought to learn and do not want to hear. But he is not entirely Greek. There is that amazing strain of depth and tragic understanding and solemn awe which came to the professor of Sanscrit and the profound student of the writings of India. Was it India which made a philosophical dualist of him? Was it Greece re-enforced by the insight of India?

Of course I do not pretend to agree with his philosophy—he might disdainfully retort if we talked about its elements, that I do not understand it. But I cannot deny its dignity, its somber beauty, its moral splendor and its spiritual depth. To carry the conscience of a Puritan into the heart of a Greco-Indian dualist is something of an achievement. New England, the New England which had a mighty conscience, takes tribute from the Acropolis and the valley of the Ganges. I say New England; perhaps I should say Israel, for the Old Testament is always in the neighborhood of Paul

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Elmer More's mind. A Hebrew prophet must some time have spoken to him. If he has forgotten his name and lineage, he has not been able to forget his message.

And how he hates romanticism! He hates what is good in it. He hates what is bad in it. He hates unwisely and too well. So he does not understand the Middle Ages. And he misses the secret of the eighteenth century. In his fine and noble hatred of sentimentality he goes on to despise a noble adventure of feeling which, to be sure, fifth-century Athens did not understand, but whose secret is told to the world in the pointed arches of the Gothic cathedrals, and in great insights of Dante. The worst you can say of Paul Elmer More is that he does not apprehend the meaning of Dante's rose of love and fire.

But after you have said the worst, what a best remains! How angry you make me, Paul Elmer More, and yet how I love you for that stern and unbending æsthetic conscience of yours, for your proud old Tory principles, for your daring telling of the bitter truth we need, for your unveiling of shams and your surgeon's knife cutting the malignant growths from our thought! Most of all, how your eleven volumes and hundred and twenty-five essays, with their quiet, noble beauty of expression, their steady and deep and burning passion for truth and beauty, have enriched my life! Here are my thanks, Paul Elmer More. And now another—the twelfth volume, please—and very soon. I want to be angry again as you can make me angry. And I want to be glad again as you can make me glad. And I do not want to wait too long.



## THE NEW SERMON

SERMONS come and sermons go, but churches go on forever. And, as a matter of fact, some of the sermons do not go. There are certain homilies of Chrysostom which have not lost their freshness with the passing centuries. There are passages in sermons coming out of the Middle Ages which still glow with fire. The sermons of Frederick W. Robertson have a certain timeless power. And the sermons of Phillips Brooks have in them a secret of perpetual youth and appeal. A new age, however, is likely to create its own type of sermon. And while certain historical forms of noble exposition will never pass out of fashion, they must be content to share their places of influence with the forms which grow out of the experience of each particular period.

The sermon which was the exposition of a text has had a notable and glorious ministry. The sermon which is the exposition of a book or of a stream of thought or of the mind of a biblical writer has not come to the place of command which it deserves. The topical sermon, with all its manifold ministry, has made its own place in the world of interpretation. The preacher of topical sermons is often tempted to make his text a point of departure rather than a source of inspiration, and when the connection is not very intimate the hearer is sometimes tempted to inquire why it was necessary to use a text at all.

Right in our own day a new sort of sermon has been evolved. It has its connections with some older forms,

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so that it is not like Melchizedek, without ancestry. But it has a very individual genius and a very definite character of its own. This new sermon is written by a man of letters who reads everything, and lets every characteristic aspect of American life blow through his mind as the winds blow through the leaves of the trees. Then he brings all this knowledge and feeling to the test of the great and commanding experiences and expressions to be found in the Old Testament and the New. The contact between the biblical insight and contemporary life has something electric about it. William James jostles the prophet Jeremiah, and Professor James H. Robinson is found in the company of the apostle Paul.

A vivid and appealing illustration of the quality and the range of the new sermon is found in Halford E. Luccock's recently published volume, *The Haunted House*. Neither Christopher Morley nor Don Marquis has a more intimate contact with all that is going on in the big towns of to-day, or of the passwords which move the men who travel in the trains which dart from city to city. And no paragraph writer who flings epigrams from the point of a pungent pen has a surer command of speech which leaves burrs sticking in the mind than has Doctor Luccock. But all of this sensitive apprehension of the waves of feeling which run through the life of our people, and all this capacity to find the arresting word and the cohesive phrase, are brought to the service of a Christian interpretation of the problems which beset men to-day. Man himself is the haunted house with ghosts of the animal, and the savage, and the little child he used to be, wandering about the corridors of his soul, and the living God, who is

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the owner of the house, the mighty Spirit ready to take full and noble possession. The texts are chosen with a fairly uncanny sense of some perfectly legitimate suggestion or relationship which puts them in an entirely new perspective. You feel as if preaching is a new and fresh adventure, quite without the guidance and the inhibitions of two thousand years.

When one thinks of the number of people to whom religion has never become vital because it has never spoken in their own tongue, the new sermon with its exhaustless intellectual curiosity, its expansive human sympathy, and its gift for using the vernacular of every profession and trade, and the passwords of every group, as a vehicle for spiritual instruction, seems a gift of God especially designed for our own time. The sermon to be living must be responsive to all the tides of life. To be growing it must be ready to follow the call of the sun and the light. And the minister himself will be surprised at the fashion in which the Bible marches with him as he goes forth on the adventures of creative preaching.

## THE AMERICAN SMILE

I AM not sure who invented the American Smile. No doubt it had its beginning long before the days of Abraham Lincoln, but I associate it at once with the keen and shrewd and homely stories which fell from the lips of honest Abe. Mark Twain had something to do with making the American Smile and much of his mirth has that individual character which belongs specifically to America. In his own quiet way Samuel Crothers knows a good deal about the American kind of laughter, even when it is so quiet that you do not hear it but only see it shining in alert and whimsical eyes. Sometimes, I wonder if we can keep the American Smile. The multitudes of immigrants who keep tumbling into America at the rate of a million a year have smiles of their own, and a good many of them have never learned how to respond to the characteristic quality of our mirth. They have a great contribution to make to American life, but I should not like to see them blot out that keen yet happy smile which was one of the characteristic expressions of our earlier democracy.

Just now I feel much reassured and that is partly because I have been reading another novel by Joseph Lincoln. You cannot read many pages of these hearty and observant New England stories without having on your own face the American Smile. Perhaps there is not quite the rich depth back of it of which Abraham Lincoln knew the secret. Perhaps there is not the sort of glorious hilarity which Mark Twain could draw

## THE AMERICAN SMILE

forth, and it is nothing like so subtle as the smile which Samuel Crothers summons when he will, but it is the American Smile for all that, happy with a sense of life's bright incongruities, a smile without bitterness and with no abysses of sordid cynicism back of it. Multitudes of people everywhere in our land forget the cares of hard-pressed days and renew their youth as they follow the odd and whimsical characters who move up and down the pages of Mr. Lincoln's books. So they keep the American Smile alive in the land which gave it birth. No wonder a great New York daily once observed that all was well in America as long as multitudes of its people enjoy the stories Joe Lincoln writes.

I really began with *Galusha, The Magnificent*. This absent-minded scholar with his vast erudition, his utter simplicity, and his sound, true heart soon captured my interest and held me through many pages of enthralling narrative. The house where he found a refuge, with the hearty, honest, and capable friend he came to know within those walls, had their own interest and charm. How such a man needed to know just such a woman! The comedy introduced in connection with the attempts to get in touch with the other world by means of a neurotic and self-conscious young woman has every element of the kind of mirth which leaves a man chuckling for months after he has finished the book. There is no doubt that you laugh at Galusha too, but you never laugh with scorn, and you come to laugh with love, and sometimes the laughter is near to a deeper feeling whose quality almost surprises you. There are intrigue and drama and excitement enough, but how wholesome and sound it all is!

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There is the freshness of the laughter of this new land which can smile without remembering the disillusionments of thousands of years. There is something invigorating and renewing about the laughter which *Galusha, The Magnificent* inspires.

My next adventure in Joe Lincoln's country was *Shavings*. From the first sight of his house with all the windmills blowing you capitulate to this odd, fantastic, all but impossible hero, with a knightly heart. He sees a very bright star quite too high for his climbing and loves it, but he manages to carry himself with his own queer admirable dignity to the end of the tale and as far as the reader is concerned, *Shavings* is much more interesting than the well-made, well-groomed military person who finally carries off the star. There is a little girl whose prattle has the eternal laughter of things in it, and because *Shavings* really has the heart of a child, they are two wonderful children when they talk together. Each page has its own whimsicality. Almost each paragraph has its own odd conceit, and here again with quiet, mellow gaiety, there emerges the American Smile.

During a recent illness, Mr. Lincoln's book, *Fair Harbor*, was read aloud to me. The plot itself has every element of joyous fun in it. A convalescent sea captain in charge of a home of mariners' widows suggests delightful possibilities from the very beginning. Every character has distinct individuality. The woman whose self-conscious refinement makes her an easy victim to the shining splendor of the confidence man; the woman whose deafness becomes so distinct that it is almost like a separate character in the book; the woman of helpless urbanity born to be a friend

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and not an executive; the young man who never suspects how small he is nor how great a friend helps him by the way; the creature of satin and velvet who has learned all kinds of secrets of flattering indirection and is quite remorseless about his victims except that he is always a gentleman, even when he steals; the hard-pressed heroine, winsome and strong, and the captain himself in spite of all these people maintaining his place on the bridge—what a company these and all of the others make up as the reader follows them through the highways and byways of their experience. There is a never-failing incongruity always edged with mirth. One situation after another calls for its own characteristic kind of a chuckle. You see into the very heart of the little New England town and the rippling music of your own mirth follows you everywhere. Joe Lincoln does not tell you that he is on the side of angels, but how he does lead you to laugh in scorn at pretense and dishonesty and sordid vice. If you can get a man to laugh at the things which are hostile to the welfare of the world and his own soul, he comes into a new kind of moral safety. You are not likely to be tempted by the thing at which you are laughing. The sanity and the nobility and the simplicity of American life are preserved by such laughter as that which Joe Lincoln inspires.

Of course he has written other books. It is only these three which I would bring to the attention of the reader at the moment. If he gets a taste of the Lincoln quality, he can be trusted to mine deeper for the ore which is hidden away in these delightful books.

Moving through one of our big modern cities, I see many alien faces and hear many voices echoing with

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the experiences of far-lying lands. As I watch them I keep wondering if we are ready to hand on to them the best of American life and experience. Their children learn to speak English with facility and fluency. I think Joe Lincoln would help them to learn the secret of the American Smile. In the meantime, the rest of us must not forget it and so it may be said very definitely that this contemporary Lincoln of the pen is good for us all.

There is another thing to say and it ought to be said very frankly. We do all sorts of things by machinery and we have become so much convinced of the power of the machines we make that we are almost ready to fall down and worship them. They have molded our material world, and if we do not take great care, they will mold our character. Already there is a machine-made smile which one often sees in America, but which is not the American Smile at all. Sometimes you see it at luncheon clubs of busy business men in American cities. Sometimes it edges the optimism of the real-estate dealer and the flashing enthusiasm of a salesman who has just completed a brilliant course on how to carry himself so that he shall carry away the judgment of his purchaser. There is no merry whimsicality back of this smile. There are no odd angles of individual eccentricity in the people above whose tailor-made coats and below whose conventionally parted hair this machine-made smile is seen. They are not amused. You are not amused. There is no rippling of the fountain of the gayety of the childlike heart of man. The parts of this smile are assembled as scientifically as the parts of an automobile. They all fit together and the ma-



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chine runs, but it isn't really a "joy ride" after all. We have to get rid of this machine-made smile at the peril of every rich and racy thing in our civilization. If your features are beginning to settle into the form of the six-cylinder laughter of high-power machinery and the peril of it all suddenly dawns upon you, there is nothing better than a course in Joe Lincoln. He will restore the American Smile.

## THE RIVER OF LIFE

ONE afternoon this summer I found myself sitting on the famous terrace of the Houses of Parliament in London with parliamentary figures all about at the various tables. The host of our little party was a Labor member full of the sense of the ancient past pouring its life into the present which he was helping to make, an eager reader, a keen thinker, and a man who gave one a sense of the actual quality of his type in English politics.

The river flowed gently by. Famous figures passed our table and were pointed out in low-toned conversation, and one had the sense of being at the very center of the life of that great body of commonwealths which goes to make up the British Empire.

It was a curiously happy coincidence that the same afternoon I was carried off by a friend to the town house of Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, the editor of that journal of far-reaching influence, *The Spectator*. Mr. Strachey was in from the country for a day or so, and as one looked at his clearly outlined and sensitive face while he passed tea, and thought of the energetic and capable Labor member of Parliament who had poured tea at a table on the terrace a little while before, one thought how rich and varied is a land which produces two such types as contemporaries. You must understand both the idealistic and patrician journalist and the keen and capable democrat who comes from the ranks if you would get into actual contact with the England of our time.

## THE RIVER OF LIFE

Mr. Strachey is just publishing a new book—handled in America by his friend Major Putnam—a volume entitled *The River of Life*. The reader of that fine autobiography *The Adventure of Living* will hear with keen relish that Mr. Strachey has taken to keeping a diary and that in this volume he shares the thoughts of that diary with the public. It is a series of informal adventures with the author's mind.

“The diary,” says Mr. Strachey, “should be as dynamic as a deep and flashing river—which is never the same except for one intangible, incommensurable, fugitive instant.”

This diary, in fact, consists of the bright and gay activity of a mind at play. It is a very brilliant mind, a very erudite mind, but here it plays with thoughts, tosses about ideas, and, in general, makes merry in a world where dusty dignity looks up surprised at being so wantonly disturbed. It is not that the book lacks moods of seriousness, or sure and capable intellectual craftsmanship. It is that the very seriousness has the poise which comes from a heart set free, and the very skill of pungent phrase has a touch of the abandon of the hour when hard responsibilities cease to press down with heavy weight. It is as if the child of a giant wanted to spend an afternoon building blocks into forms which conform to his own fancy and chose the great buildings of some ancient capital for his blocks. Only nobody is hurt as he goes about his play. And by a fine magic the cathedrals and the palaces and the houses of state will all be in place again when the game is over.

There are very odd turns and bits of astonishing fun as when Mr. Strachey says: “The following limerick

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by Father Ronald Knox is, in my opinion, one of the best ever written:

“There was a young man who said: ‘Damn!  
I clearly perceive that I am  
Predestined to move  
In a circumscribed groove,  
In fact not a bus, but a tram.’”

Personally, I should like to put over against this a recent limerick suggested by the doctrine of relativity:

“There was a young lady named Bright  
Who achieved speed greater than light,  
She departed one day,  
In a relative way  
And arrived on the previous night.”

Unfortunately, I do not know the author.

But to go back to Mr. Strachey. One of the most curiously interesting sections in the diary is that devoted to what the author calls “Desperate sayings.” He begins with one quoted by Bacon from *Cosmos*, Duke of Florence, and having to do with perfidious friends. “‘You shall read’ (saith he) ‘that we are commanded to forgive our enemies: But you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends!’” In this sense to know all is to be incapable of forgiving.

One desperate saying of particular interest in the present discussion as to peace and war is from Chiras the Cadian in Plato’s *Laws*: “That which men for the most part call peace, is but a naked and empty name; but the truth is, that there is ever between all states a secret war.”

An intriguing part of the diary contains a discussion of “Saintly Devils and Devilish Saints”—from this

## THE RIVER OF LIFE

we will not quote. The reader must find his own way into it.

The book abounds in appreciation of nature, in criticism of art and letters. It draws from every sort of field, and with absolutely irresponsible joy discusses any subject or any author or any land which for the moment appeals to the author. It has all the delightful whimsicality of a highly trained, richly stored mind, with a deep relish for playing with ideas and the capacity for a quiet chuckle hidden away beneath all the erudition. That too little-known poem in which William Cullen Bryant made dignified fun of mosquitoes and dignified city officials in stately verse would fit into the atmosphere of this volume perfectly. And, speaking of poetry, now and again Mr. Strachey gives us examples of his own, and phrases dripping with subtle memories of ancient beauty and marching with a high-bred dignity move down the page.

Not often is such a book published. Not every mind could afford to reveal itself so frankly. And that reminds me of a desperate saying not quoted by Mr. Strachey, and full of its own hard, shrewd cynicism: "Never get angry. When you are right you do not need to do it. When you are wrong you cannot afford to do it." The best that can be said of this book—and a very good best it is—is that Mr. Strachey is the sort of man who need have no fear when he reveals his mind in undress to his readers. He can afford to do it.

What a fine product one sees when a true gentleman of letters appears!

## A DELIGHTFUL AMERICAN

Do you remember how the boy you once were used to enjoy seeing perfectly new pennies and dimes and dollars? The currency fresh from the mint had a charm all of its own. I think we never outgrow the fondness for coins whose bright cleanness proves that they have not passed through many hands. The same thing is true of the words people use. It is true of their speaking and their writing. Some people use words and phrases which are terribly worn. You have a feeling that they are almost worn out. No doubt these words were once all shining and fresh from the mint of a nimble mind. But they have passed through so many hands that it is almost impossible to see the face engraved upon them and it is very nearly impossible to decipher the words. Then there are men whose speech and writing is all alive. It is as if they had made all their own words and used them for the very first time. They keep a wonderful little mental mint of their own and their currency is always bright and beautiful.

Such a man was that virile and versatile American who was our ambassador to Great Britain during the difficult and testing years of the World War. Mr. Burton J. Hendrick is the author of the two fine volumes—good to look upon, good to handle, and good to read—in which this vivid and fascinating personality is all the while expressing itself.

*The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page* is one of the most notable publications of the year. It shows

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what America can do when it really sets about producing the very best of which it is capable. We would be willing to be judged in any city of the world by such a man. We would proudly stand up and say, "Here is a real American." But it must be admitted that if we insist upon regarding him as typical, we have a great deal to live up to.

The South is the motherland which gave Walter H. Page to the world. And he always bore the gracious impress of the life out of which he came. A certain delicacy of feeling, a certain glowing fire of perception at the center of his life, a certain fine and human social charm always bespoke the Southern gentleman, even when Page had become in a very ample sense a cosmopolitan. He always loved the South. But he saw its faults. He saw its needs, and he was not afraid to speak to his own people truths which were hard to utter and bitter to hear. He was not one of those men in whom affection takes the form of color blindness.

Page grew up under an intellectual tradition which gave him a taste for all that is gracious and ripe and noble in human thought and all which has the splendor of luminous words in human writing. Gildersleeve, of Johns Hopkins, supplied one of the influences which made the Greek spirit live again in his mind and glow in his heart. He was an omnivorous reader. In the great days in London, Sir Edward Grey once said that he never mentioned a book about which he cared which Page had not already read. He became passionately fond of country life. He helped to infuse a new spirit into country life in America. He had the keenest interest in education, especially in respect of the South.

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His mind grew. His intellectual horizon expanded. His touch upon the writings which express the deepest and most gracious things of the human spirit became more firm.

The experience which is to make Page immortal came to him when President Woodrow Wilson appointed him ambassador to Great Britain. Little did he dream as he took ship for the motherland of English-speaking men that in a great World War which was about to break upon the world he would be a figure of strategic significance, as Theodore Roosevelt put it later, "the ambassador who has represented America in London during these trying years as no other ambassador has ever represented us, with the exception of Charles Francis Adams, during the Civil War."

Page was an American in every fiber of him. All his knowledge of history, all his intimacy with great writing, all his meeting with world figures, all his watching from within of the unfolding processes of the life of the great nations, made him believe in America, and trust America, and hope for America with an abiding passion. To him it was the sunrise land with all the beauties of a new day.

He also knew the faults of the American government, especially in its foreign relations. He came to know these faults very bitterly. He knew the provincialism which characterizes the thought of many Americans regarding the world outside their own young and potential land. And he knew with an insight beyond praise the possibilities of good for the whole world, which lay in a deep and permanent friendship between the English-speaking nations of the world.

Did anybody in America ever write such letters as



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Page wrote home from London? Their amazing frankness, their sure analysis, their instinct for the significant fact and the significant principle, their characterizations of men and movements and issues, their grace and charm in form of expression—what a triumph of notable writing they are! The urbanity of the Old World and the free spirit of the New live and move in them.

Before the war Page rendered the most significant service. But the war itself tested his mettle and gave him the opportunity to which he rose with complete adequacy. No one can say now how far-reaching and terrible the consequences would have been had the United States of America and Great Britain broken with each other in the terrible and bitter days before America entered the war. And few people understand how near to the precipice the two governments came. The perfect and perpetual courtesy of Page, his almost miraculous understanding of the Allies' situation and of the real meaning of the conflict, his brilliant diplomacy, and the perpetual power of his own simple and sincere and noble personality, carried us through days the very memory of which makes us tremble. Sir Edward Grey and Page were men of kindred spirit. They never became caught in the clutter of detail. They played for the future of the world and they won.

These volumes are full of inner history it is almost a marvel to have in print so soon. They contain letters such as perhaps no other ambassador ever wrote to his governmental chief. They form the best introduction to world politics to be secured by any citizen of the United States of America.

## DOCTOR JOWETT AND DOCTOR FOSDICK

THE reading of two of the outstanding recent publications suggests a consideration of one of the most pressing of the problems which confront preachers who have a serious sense of responsibility in relation to the intellectual life of the time. Mr. Arthur Porritt has put us all greatly in his debt by the writing of the life of Dr. John Henry Jowett. Those who know Mr. Porritt knew that he would do a finely conscientious piece of work with the skill of a practiced writer. But he has done much more than this. He has entered into the spirit of Jowett with a very subtle and apprehending sympathy. He has curiously and definitely effaced himself, and Doctor Jowett here speaks and moves and lives in such a fashion that we quite lose sight of the personality through which his own is being passed on to us. All over the English-speaking world multitudes of people will read this book with interest and relish and a certain nobly increased sense of spiritual values.

And many earnest and thoughtful young ministers will think deep and long thoughts as they consider Doctor Jowett in relation to modern criticism and modern science. Much more than many of his admirers knew, Doctor Jowett accepted the results of modern study and felt personally at home in the world where criticism and science have done their work. But all this was rather resolutely kept out of his pulpit. He gave his life with the simplicity of perfect art to the expression of those moral and spiritual sanctions which have to

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do with the deepest life of man. He was the outstanding prophet of the life of the spirit in an age more at home with wheels and belts than with the glories of the inner life which has been touched with rapture by the presence of God. He was a pastor of the hungry heart rather than of the battling mind.

Doctor Fosdick represents a sharp and definite contrast to all this. From the beginning of his ministry he has been in touch with no end of young college men and women. He has shared their problems. He has understood their perplexities. He has interpreted religion to them in the very terms of their own mental life. No one can deny the moral and spiritual splendor of the gospel which Doctor Fosdick preaches. But almost its fundamental note—especially in recent years—is a searching, an almost terrible honesty about all the matters which have to do with criticism and science and, indeed, about every matter which secures a dominant place in his mind. Doctor Fosdick's Lyman Beecher Lectures at Yale perfectly represent this attitude. There is no hesitation. There is no evasion. There is no subterfuge. Without a thought of compromise Doctor Fosdick tells the whole truth as he sees it in respect of the Bible and its message as it confronts the intellectual instruments of the modern world. And the question which the thoughtful preacher ponders is this: Which is better, the method of Doctor Jowett or the method of Doctor Fosdick?

It must be admitted that Doctor Jowett reaches spiritual heights and sounds spiritual depths not touched by Doctor Fosdick. Perhaps the very preoccupation of the younger man with youth and its baffling perplexities and its gracious idealism has pre-

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vented that mellow spiritual maturity which will yet characterize his work. On the other hand, with all the grace and loveliness of Doctor Jowett's writing, with all the sudden vistas of spiritual beauty, one must admit that very often—if not quite always—he left cold the mind of the hard-pressed battler for truth who desired to find standing room for religion but felt that to sacrifice his candor and honesty would be a reflection on the very religion he desired to give a place of command in his life. And quite frankly and with the most real reverence for Doctor Jowett and his worldwide work, it must be said that there were earnest and troubled minds who after listening to his ministry felt that they had been offered not bread but a delicate and exotic spiritual flower.

The problem has to do with even deeper matters. Fine young men from all of the accredited divinity schools of our time have gone out with a secure foundation buttressed by modern criticism and modern science, who have kept these things quite apart from their pulpit work. Has this been quite candid? Has it been quite fair to the men and women in the pew? No doubt the utmost skill must be used in presenting these matters which have come to be understood through years of patient investigation to a congregation which only listens for a little period once or twice a week to the preacher's voice. Spiritual maturity often resents the intellectual cocksureness of callow youth. And then the critics and the scientists are not always right.

Still one can hardly avoid the question: If preachers had been more candid with tactful and patient wisdom through the last quarter of a century, would that

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weedy growth pseudo-fundamentalism have made such a place for itself in the churches? Surely this much is clear: The preacher must share the essential elements of his intellectual life with his people. And he must lead them like a true shepherd into the pastures where he himself finds nourishment for mind and conscience and spirit. Doctor Fosdick's brilliant and powerful book will be read everywhere. And it is scarcely too early to say that over vast areas of the United States it will make a certain sort of hesitation and evasion impossible.

To be sure, there will always be a place for exceptional men like Doctor Jowett, who even amid these contentious voices spread abroad the sense of utter spiritual serenity and peace. And the fine and eager young intellectuals will feel a modesty which is good for them as in moments of spiritual insight they see the heights to which men like Jowett climb. Many of these youths will set out too for mountain-climbing in the things of the Spirit. And perhaps by and by we shall produce a type in which the best of Doctor Jowett and the best of Doctor Fosdick is united. In the meantime we shall be thankful for each. And we shall not be able while we are thus grateful to forget the rights of the mind in the growing moral and spiritual life.

## VOICES FROM NEW YORK

GOTHAM usually imports its prophets. Its commanding voices are rather more likely to be those which it has brought in from without than those which it has produced within its own life. Colonel Roosevelt, with his belligerent teeth, his pungent voice trailing off into a curious falsetto, a cosmopolitan who understood the mind of Main Street, was, to be sure, an exception to this rule. But, speaking largely, New York is the hunting ground of men from the vast hinterlands of the Republic. Fresh-water colleges of the Middle West, stretches of level country in the Mississippi valley, the brooding silences of that Southern country which still dream of old chivalries and old graces, are all the while sending to Manhattan men who master the technique of the metropolis and become powerful figures of far-reaching influence. Recently a number of notable books have come from the pens of the men of the Gotham pulpit. It is a useful thing to think of them together and to consider what they signify for American life.

Dr. Joseph Fort Newton<sup>1</sup> came to New York with a very keen pair of eyes. He brought them from the Middle West by way of England. He found their focus in Iowa and tested their quality in London. With the possible exception of Dr. Gaius Glenn Atkins there is scarcely another American preacher who writes with such a brooding delicacy of expression, in a style so graciously echoing with subdued undertones the music

<sup>1</sup> Now in Philadelphia.

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captured through years of deep companionship with the great writing of the world. Dr. Fort Newton knows modern life. He knew London. He has seen Manhattan as few Americans have seen it. O. Henry himself would have relished the volume *Preaching in New York*. The bewildering currents which play about the life of "Bagdad-on-the-Subway" are felt and expressed with a quiet sympathy. But it is a man of ripe culture, with a mind glowing with the great lights of the past, who walks on Broadway of a night when Dr. Joseph Fort Newton goes forth to mingle with the crowds on the Great White Way. And so this distinguished little book gains in quality from a certain aloofness which mingles rather strangely with its understanding sympathy. Once and again there is the flash of a keen blade of irony. Always there is the memory that the eternal stars are shining above the gay transient glitter of the electric lights. Perhaps that is why one loves the writing of Dr. Fort Newton. He never forgets the stars.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick is New York's most popular preacher to-day. Probably he would not want that keen and telling series of essays, *Twelve Tests of Character*, written for a widely circulated American magazine, to be regarded as typical of his work. His Cole Lectures at Vanderbilt University, *Christianity and Progress*, gives a better idea of his mettle. But you do have in the *Twelve Tests of Character*, which, by the way, is one of the best possible books put into the hands of a vigorous and virile young man, an expression of a good deal of the temperament and quality of Doctor Fosdick. Everything is straightforward and clear and wholesome. The eyes of the

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author look very directly and fearlessly upon men and things. And it must be gladly admitted that these eyes are full of light. When one thinks of the *Twelve Tests of Character* in connection with the writing of Dr. Fort Newton some very interesting contrasts appear. In the work of Doctor Fosdick there is none of that mellowness, that ripe grace of expression which gives such charm to the work of the author of *Preaching in New York*. Doctor Fosdick is, often wonderfully brilliant. And he is magnificently alive. But he has not been alive very long. In some of his deepest moods Dr. Fort Newton makes you feel as if, like the sphinx, he has seen the whole pageant of the ages and through centuries of meditation has grown wise. Doctor Fosdick finds the keen phrase. Dr. Fort Newton finds the haunting phrase. Doctor Fosdick's writing makes you think of linen of the very best and most durable quality. Dr. Fort Newton makes you think of rare old satin with here and there a touch of royally beautiful brocade.

You come upon quite a different mood when you open Halford E. Luccock's amazing volume of sermons, *The Haunted House*. Alfred Noyes once wrote a poem telling how the leader of a gay party of merrymakers suddenly entered the parish church and preached a wonderful sermon. All the out of doors enters the pulpit when Halford Luccock preaches. And that whimsical, exploring mind of his, seeing everything in unusual relations, with a gift for metaphors which capture the very thought he wishes to convey and turn that thought into a vivid picture, shatters a thousand traditions of conventional treatment and finds an approach to men's minds which is like a walk on a spring



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morning in a garden sparkling with dew. It is not by any means a light and easy thing which Doctor Luccock does, however, though his thrust is quick and flashing. He does not use a broadsword, but his rapier moves like a sudden dart of light and the work is done. Sometimes when the author of *The Haunted House* laughs at some pretentious or evil thing, you fairly see the object of his attack crumple up and die. And as you turn away you hear the echo of that wholesome, scornful laughter in the presence of which the hectic and the artificial are without defense.

Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin always writes with a certain firmness in the movement of his thought, and in his sentences there is a quiet life which half reminds you of the breathing of a sleeping child. He has a bright artistry of his own, and his volume of lectures, "What is there in Religion?" builds a whole book about a deft and most stimulating use of the noble Hudson River as a symbol of all sorts of things which Doctor Coffin has to say about the life of the spirit. There is a kind of untroubled serenity about Doctor Coffin amid the shifting perplexities of our time which brings a happy reassurance to the mind of the reader. To live zestfully and efficiently in this bizarre and disorganized age and to find a noble law of goodness running through all its hectic ways is to render a real service. Doctor Coffin makes us feel that underneath all the luxuriant and tropical growths of the world in which we live the old stone tower stands strong and sure. He finds his phrases in the days as they pass. But he finds his message in the timeless splendors of the spiritual life.

Dr. Ralph W. Sockman has brought a highly disciplined mind to his work as a preacher in the great

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metropolis. And he did not lose his capacity for the exercise of the prophet's calling when he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Columbia University. *Suburbs of Christianity* is a book of sermons of a solid and substantial sort. You feel all the while that Doctor Sockman masters the essential materials having to do with a theme before he speaks. You feel that he has a catholic and sympathetic mind. And you feel that the sanctions of religion are definitely mastering in his own thought of life. It is refreshing to find such simplicity of inner life and such highly articulated intellectual life combined in one man. You feel a quality of spiritual trustworthiness in these sermons. Doctor Sockman has seen many alluring byways of thought. With a sanity as unhesitating as it is happy he has kept to the highway of the life of the Spirit.

One of the most delightful volumes which has come from an American pen in many a day is Dr. Charles Edward Jefferson's *The Character of Paul*. It is significant for the things it does not say as well as for the things which it does say. Doctor Jefferson has a sure craftsmanship. Through years of writing and publishing he has achieved a style, simple, human, sincere, and quickening. He carries the reader along as if in a fireside conversation, and only as he looks back does he realize what clearness of thought and what luminous power of expression the author has brought to his task. There is a good deal more to be said about Paul, of course, than Doctor Jefferson says in this book. But the aspects of Paul's mind and life which are analyzed are treated with such freshness, such almost astonishing candor, and such intimate sympathy that you do not

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feel at all as if you had read a book about Paul. You feel as if you had met Paul himself. The pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle lives his own life in the midst of the great city. He speaks his own words. And because of his sincerity, of the penetrating mind which he brings to bear upon every task, of the immediate seizure of his writing upon the mind of the reader, and his response to those moral and spiritual realities by means of which men live, his books have a welcome that is not bound by the lines of denomination. The man who writes fundamentally as a Christian speaks to the Christian world.

The Old World has once more claimed Dr. John Kelman. And the leader who spoke to Edinburgh with a personal magnetism not matched since the days of Professor Henry Drummond, and who came to us in America in the very wake of the war in which his voice had so nobly spoken, now goes to the English metropolis, and the voice of Doctor Kelman will be one of the great voices of London, but as he leaves us, his William Belden Noble Lectures at Harvard University, *Prophets of Yesterday and Their Message for To-day*, are being published by the Harvard University Press. Doctor Kelman discerns in age after age the Hebrew note, the Greek note and the union of the two in lofty synthesis. In the nineteenth century Carlyle represents the Hebrew emphasis, Matthew Arnold represents the Greek mood, and Robert Browning the union of the two. In a notable and fructifying fashion this Hegelian dialectic is worked out.

As one puts the book down with the beauty of its phrases, the glow of its moral and spiritual passion, the large perspective of its outlook, and the clear and

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kindling quality of its thought all remaining in one's mind, it is impossible to avoid thinking wistfully of the loss America suffers as this notable preacher goes back to the Old World. The Hebrew love of righteousness burns in his soul. The Greek sense of harmony, of poise and balance and gracious loveliness dwells in his heart. And in him, too, they are united in the synthesis of the Christian life. Jerusalem and Athens meet in Dr. John Kelman even as they met in Robert Browning. Only now they meet to make a prophet as then they met to make a poet.

These are seven of the voices which have been speaking from Gotham. There are more than three wise men in this Gotham. There are many masters of golden words.

## FOUR REMARKABLE MEN<sup>1</sup>

THESE four men are associated in my mind with a certain house of quiet and solid dignity on Clinton Avenue in Brooklyn. The house itself is articulate to those who know it best with a stately and urbane friendliness. I am quite sure that it is conscious that the portals which it swings open have seen numbers of men and women of distinguished ways of thinking and feeling and living pass within. The house carries an air of fine composure and distinction.

My first contact with the family does not have to do with this house, however. It goes back to a summer day on Long Island. I had been preaching that morning at a tiny church on the north shore. The church was so small that one of my friends in theological school used to say it was about the size of a watch charm. In this church one found of a Sunday an interesting group of men and women whose summer homes were near, as well as a group of generous and friendly people who lived in the neighborhood through the whole year. At the close of the service I was carried off to the summer dwelling of a family which at once made a powerful impression upon my mind and my imagination. The table talk had a range and a fascination which went to the head of a certain young theological student like rare old wine. And I may say in passing that in the years which have followed I have never heard better talk on either side of the Atlan-

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<sup>1</sup> From the last number of the *Methodist Review* during the editorship of Doctor Kelley.

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tic than that to which I have listened in this circle. In the finest and the sincerest sense the members of this household were at home with ideas. There was high seriousness and authentic mental curiosity. You found your mind quickened, and you found your powers of expression challenged by the very quality of your environment.

Some years later I found myself pastor of the Summerfield Church in Brooklyn. This church with its tradition of masterful and thoughtful preaching had an inevitable and profound influence upon a sensitive and responsive young minister. There was a quality of dignity about its interior which seemed occupied with the precious memories of other days. I am afraid that I must confess that much as I appreciated the friendly welcoming atmosphere of the church when it had been redecorated I felt a profounder appeal in the dim and somber quiet of the building before any change was made. The past of this church at once made friends with me. And besides all the other happy experiences at Summerfield I shall always be grateful for the silent voices which used to speak in the old church.

Henry C. M. Ingraham was at the time the president of the board of trustees of the Summerfield Church. He was near to the close of his brilliant career as a lawyer, and I must believe that his mind was at its ripest and its best. His home on Clinton Avenue was not far from the church and he still occupied in the summer the delightful spot on Long Island of which I have already written. Many men have spoken of his legal powers, of his services as the president of the board of trustees of Wesleyan University, of the con-

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tribution which he made to the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church. I am concerned here with the man as I came to know him while I was his pastor. All of the four men of whom I am writing had an extraordinary capacity for giving themselves in hearty friendship to young men. All knew how to talk. And all knew how to listen. And into their ears one young man poured his thoughts, his ideals, his crystallizing convictions. If they were sometimes amused by the immaturity of his mind or the huge enthusiasm with which he discovered things which have been known for a thousand years, they never revealed it to the young fellow who so eagerly sought their company. They paid him the subtle compliment of assuming an equality of mind which, of course, did not exist. But this very delicate and gracious intellectual courtesy did far more to form and discipline his mind than he himself knew. I can see Mr. Ingraham now sitting in his home with a certain illusive brightness about his face and a composed and urbane good fellowship about his whole bearing. He had read widely. He had thought profoundly. He spoke with an easy command of elastic and yet superbly solid English. His mind was that of a poised and careful jurist which moved inevitably and naturally in the channels of a cautious and vital conservatism. Naturally, also, there was a good deal of the healthy radicalism of young blood about the minister and sometimes there were quick and decisive exchanges of opinions which did not at all agree. I remember one or two times when the infinitely vivacious and dramatically democratic personality of Colonel Roosevelt was the subject of discussion. Mr. Ingraham was not one of

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those who surrendered to the allurements of the leadership of his great contemporary. It used to seem that some more stately and older life than that of our bustling republic had produced the fine mellowness and the hearty erudition of Mr. Ingraham. And all the while he was giving something memorable to those about him. One of my last memories of him has to do with a reception given to Judge George G. Reynolds. Tribute after tribute was paid to the aged jurist that night. It was good to his friends to listen to all the glowing words. But through the evening I kept watching the face of Mr. Ingraham. It was a wonderful night for him. A friend whom he dearly loved was receiving appreciation which he highly merited. And as he listened the face of Mr. Ingraham was quite shining with happiness. It was perhaps his last appearance at a public gathering. For in a few days came the sudden attack which he himself had foreseen and for which he was quietly waiting in these last years lighted with the gold of the setting sun.

The second of the four men was Judge Reynolds, of whom I have just spoken. He was over ninety years of age when I first met him. And he was the very youngest of the wonderful old men whom I have known. He dined out a good deal. I often met him at the Ingraham home. And it was always a favor if one was allowed to sit near to him. His body was quite incidental. The really important matter was the fresh and vigorous and vital mind of him.

I know only from others of the legal triumphs of Judge Reynolds and of his career as an able and wise jurist. But I can well understand how that mind, with its habit of brushing aside the incidental and coming



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to the heart of things, must have made for the effective and convincing exposition of the merits of any case which he was discussing. And it is easy to feel the quality of just and adequate perspective which his very presence would bring into a courtroom as he presided on the bench. His mind had a crystal clearness which caused any idea with which he was dealing to stand out with a certain sharpness. He spoke with simplicity, and he was always more than modest even in his methods of expression. But the prolonged discipline of his mental life, and the habit of seeing steadily and clearly and of speaking with precision were expressed by him quite unconsciously all the while. He was constantly interested in the things about which other people were thinking. He sought the society of young people. As time passed on and many of his contemporaries passed out of this life's activities, with no disloyalty to them he kept forming new ties. If he could have lived several hundred years, he would never have outlived his friends because he was always making new ones. Toward the very end of his life he wrote a carefully prepared speech for a certain occasion of importance. When the night came he was so deeply stirred that he put aside his soberly articulated address and made a speech warm with the inspiration of the occasion. Both speeches were published as illustrations of the vital mental energy of this wonderfully young old man. Judge Reynolds was a sort of incarnation of the fountain of perpetual youth. When the thought of old age comes to me I think of him a bit wistfully and wonder if I shall ever prove that I have learned even a little of his secret.

The third of the men of whom I am writing is Dr.

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William V. Kelley. This is the last article I am writing for the Review before the meeting of the General Conference, and if Doctor Kelley insists upon retiring it will be the last article I will contribute to the magazine while it is "his Review." There are some things which I want to say. I am trying to take every precaution to prevent this article from coming under his eyes before it is printed. If he sees it in proof, I claim certain rights which he cannot ignore. The time has come when I have a right to have my say.

Before going to Summerfield I knew Doctor Kelley. Indeed, he had written to me one of his individual and stimulating letters just by way of putting a bit of new light into a young man's eye. But it was at Summerfield and in connection with the Ingraham circle that I came to know him in a really close and intimate fashion. He had a pew in Summerfield Church and it was always a notable day when his erect figure walked down the aisle and he took his place. He fell into the way of calling the preacher "my minister," a custom which continued long after the end of the Summerfield pastorate. The evenings when Doctor Kelley and Judge Reynolds and Mr. Ingraham were all together in the home in Clinton Avenue were times all glowing in one's memory. Doctor Kelley, essentially a Christian humanist, was sensitive in the most amazing fashion to the slightest shades of cadence in the music of a phrase. To him words have always been live things. And beauty is always near to him, a creature of sunlight and shimmering wings. We all know about his writings. We have long ago surrendered to the spell of his gift for trenchant and telling phrase, his sudden illuminating figures, the wealth of historical and lit-

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erary allusion, the passion for truth and beauty, especially for that moral and spiritual beauty which is most remote and elusive of all. We know how he bends words like slaves or caresses them like old and dearly loved friends. He is on intimate terms with an immense number of words. They recognize his voice, and when he calls them they come. I am not sure that I should have used that figure of the slave driver. After all he is a shepherd of words, and he delights to lead them to green pastures and by still waters. But while all this is true of Doctor Kelley's writing, if you want to see his mind at its best you must listen to his talk in a little circle of people whom he trusts and loves. Voice and words are wedded together. There is the flash of wit, the glow of gentle humor, the gleam of irony, there is the etching of an unforgettable picture with the strokes of a few effective words, there is altogether the revelation of a personality which has united the Hebrew love of righteousness and the Greek love of beauty in the bonds of harmonious and indissoluble wedlock. So it was in the hours at the home on Clinton Avenue. So it has been in many another spot. Probably few contemporary men of letters carry so much of the beauty of all the ages with them, the beauty expressed in immortal exquisite words.

The fourth of the men was Dr. James M. Buckley. He has been much in the minds of all and his passing has brought his whole career once more before us. Doubtless in full and adequate fashion the Review will speak of him to its readers. But that more ample treatment leaves room for the words which I have to say about him in connection with the little circle of which I am now writing. He had been a pastor of

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Summerfield Church. The very year when I was appointed there, we spent the time of the meeting of the New York East Conference together at the home of the Hoyts in Stamford. It chanced that the host and his family were away—in Europe, I think—at the time. And as it happened we had a good many hours alone together. I remember that afterward in his mathematical way Doctor Buckley made a calculation as to how long a period of time of ordinary friendly meeting was really represented by those days of intensive companionship. As a matter of fact, intensive is just the word I want. Doctor Buckley was considering the advisability of trusting me with the Sunday School Lesson Exposition page in the Advocate, at which I had been working for a few weeks as a result of the suggestion of Doctor Joy. Before making a more permanent arrangement Doctor Buckley wanted to know what I thought about every subject concerning which I had any ideas at all. There were long walks alone. There were hours in the library of the Hoyt home. It was an examination conducted for a series of days. In the days which followed until his retirement from the Advocate there were many times of the most happy and intimate contact. He had very close relations with the circle of whom I have spoken. I remember with what vigorous phrases he expressed his admiration of the intellectual strength and philosophical grasp of the lady who presided in the home on Clinton Avenue. He came to Brooklyn to utter his own word on the day when we gathered about the silent form of the master of the Brooklyn house, and he was always keenly alive to all the interests of the group for whom that home was a kind of Mecca.

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Doctor Buckley was living a growing mental life all the while. He told me of discussing problems of the historical criticism of the Old Testament with W. Robertson Smith. He added that he found that he agreed substantially with Smith's position. Perhaps one may be permitted now to speak of one incident. I was greatly exercised over the attack which was being made upon Doctor McFarland, then the editor of the Sunday-school publications of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and very keen about helping him in some indirect way. I wrote an editorial on the subject "Freshmen Entering a New World," and in discussing the problems of the college student in relation to the Bible vigorously supported the general position which Doctor McFarland had taken without mentioning him by name. Doctor Buckley was interested in the editorial and sympathized with its purpose. He went over it, revamped it by putting in a number of his own characteristic phrases, but leaving the essential meaning quite intact. When the editorial appeared Mrs. Ingraham disconcerted me a little by saying, "That editorial sounds like you." Somehow I managed to escape confession. Doctor McFarland promptly took advantage of the editorial, though he knew nothing of its origin, and republished it in one of the Sunday-school periodicals.

Probably the thing about Doctor Buckley least suspected by those who did not know him intimately was the warmth of his affection. We all knew the keen edge of his sword, and his friends were never sure of escaping its blade. I shall never forget the vigor with which he dissected a speech of mine in the New York preachers' meeting. I had claimed that the big moral fights come while people are young, hence the impor-

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tance of youth. Doctor Buckley produced what seemed masses of facts and figures to prove that very often people are respectable until they are middle aged or old, and then comes the pressure of terrible temptation and they go down. After quite submerging me beneath his caustic criticism he went off to lunch with me and we had a splendid hour together. Many of the ministers who live about New York must remember one of his most terrible pieces of verbal surgery when he rose to move a vote of thanks regarding the address of a distinguished contemporary whose theological position he thoroughly distrusted. The words in which he couched his motion constituted a scathing criticism of the position of the speaker, and it was all done with such silken gentleness that the irony was the more deadly. The secret of Doctor Buckley's own position was in the fact that he knew the meaning of evangelical religion as a matter of personal experience, and he insisted that all which he accepted and made his own must come to a harmonious relationship with that fundamental fact. One of the memories I particularly cherish is of a night when we were alone together and he quoted to me, with a voice full of the deepest quality of response, a poem which had appealed to him. The keen debater and the adroit parliamentarian seemed far away that night. He was ready to put himself out in an unusual fashion to be of service to a young man. And one soon learned that a very kind heart was back of his sharp blade.

Other men are associated in my mind with the circle of whom I have spoken. All of the four had profound connections with Wesleyan University; in fact, all four were trustees. And Mr. Ingraham had a particularly

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warm admiration for men of the Middletown circle like Professor Van Vleck, Professor Rice, Professor Winchester, and President Raymond. But this larger group is outside the range of this article and was known to me in no such intimate fashion. The thing which impresses me as I look back upon the happy days when I received so much from these men is just the fact that they were all Methodists and in a notable sense represented the finest culture which our ecclesiastical type has produced in America.

Always in the background of the group was a benign and noble figure. I came within the life of the circle too late to know him, but often in the Ingraham home I would find myself looking up at the portrait of Bishop Andrews and feeling that he was a part of the finely urbane life there represented. His presence was still felt although he had gone with high indomitable spirit on the great adventure. What a debt we all owe to the whole group! And how needful it is that we keep burning the torches they gave us! Christian humanism must not be allowed to perish from the Methodist Episcopal Church. That is only another way of saying that in the noblest way this church must serve the world.

## A FASCINATING RELIGION

MEN have written much about the moral power of religion. To Matthew Arnold religion was simply morality touched with emotion. It was ethics taught to sing. It was the Ten Commandments set to music. Just now men are writing much regarding the social significance of religion. To a man like Professor Ellwood, whose *Reconstruction of Religion* roused such serious thought, the social sanctions find their dynamic and their method of realization through the power of religion. Religion is brotherhood in action. It is social justice with a sound basis in the teachings of Jesus, and a marching song kindled by his spirit.

All this is true, though it is not all of the truth. Every great cause would turn its wheels through the energy of the religious motive, and this is as it should be. Religion is potent enough to supply them all with power. But the life of the spirit is a larger thing than even these great interests would indicate. Religion is more than a power house for moral and social activity.

Religion is the enfranchisement of the human spirit. It is the emancipation of enslaved personality. It is the source of joyous creative energy. It has all the glow and joy of a high romantic adventure. And in these days of an almost alarming number of efficiency experts we should think more than we do of the fascination of religion. For religion must not be allowed to become merely the maid-of-all-work of good causes—not even of very good causes indeed.

Few men in America have done more than Bishop



## A FASCINATING RELIGION

William Fraser McDowell in the last thirty years to keep before the mind of the students of our colleges and universities the fascination of religion. Many years ago a wonderfully vivid and human little book was published entitled *The Picket Line of Missions*. It was written by various writers, each with his own secrets of swift and moving phrase, and his own art of appealing to the mind of the young. William F. McDowell contributed the chapter on David Livingstone. It was a superbly appealing piece of work, and before the reader knew how it happened, the great old story told with such simplicity and directness and dramatic power, quite won his heart. It was evident that the man who wielded this pen would have his own work to do in revealing the compulsion of religion to the young in the years which lay ahead.

In 1910 Bishop McDowell joined that succession of scholars and thinkers and preachers responsible for the Cole Lectures at Vanderbilt University. He took as his theme *In the School of Christ*. The lectures were conceived in the contemporary world of religious thought. They passed lightly by points of contention and happily assumed the positions which modern study makes necessary. It was evident that Bishop McDowell was a citizen of the world of present-day scholarship, but that his fundamental interest was not simply to make men modern but to make them Christian. It would be hard to say what that quiet urbanity, glowing with spiritual aspiration, has done for questioning men in all the years which have followed. Bishop McDowell has answered some questions by lifting men into an atmosphere where the questions themselves seemed so incidental as to become almost an impertinence. The

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study of *In the School of Christ* revealed a singular aptitude for putting the sanctions of the Christian religion in unusual and appealing relations. Many a young man must have felt as if he saw the happy human appeal of religion for the first time as he came into contact with these lectures.

*A Man's Religion* was a series of letters written out of the heart of a well-made man of the world who was also a nobly aspiring man of religion to other men of the world who also desired to become men of religion. One wonders if this sort of thing has ever been done better. So might a man talk at his club—and a club of good breeding it would be—to other men who loved and trusted him, about the matters which were nearest and dearest to his heart.

In 1917 Bishop McDowell gave the Lyman Beecher Lectures on preaching at Yale University. His theme had his own characteristic quality. It was *Good Ministers of Jesus Christ*. The hearty humanity, the zestful enthusiasm, the spiritual glow, the perennial youthfulness of these lectures give them a strange charm. With all his experience, with all his mellowed wisdom, Bishop McDowell simply refuses to grow old. The sudden flash of the child's eye has a strange allurements on a face which bears its own marks of a man's share in life's vicissitudes and a man's participation in life's pain.

*This Mind*, the Mendenhall Lectures at DePauw University, claims the life of youth for the one great allegiance, to be expressed in the lives of many professions and many activities, to be dominated in all by a daring loyalty to the mind of Christ.

Bishop McDowell's latest book is *Making a Per-*

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*sonal Faith*, delivered in 1924 at the Ohio Wesleyan University under the Merrick Foundation. The author was profoundly influenced by that master of straight thinking and lucid exposition, Professor Borden P. Bowne. No student of his who understood his teacher could interpret life in other than personal terms. Here we have the ripened wisdom of a pastor of many eager minds, with the philosophic attitude learned at the feet of a great teacher. And here is the old secret of lifting problems into realms where the very glow of light brings not only solution but inspiration.

As the years go by, the face of Bishop McDowell comes to have a curious and pleasant suggestion of the face of a distinguished preacher who influenced him much—Bishop Phillips Brooks. There is the same suggestion of lofty urbanity, the same engaging humanity, the same hint of a spiritual beauty which bends even the flesh to its own purposes.

When Bishop McDowell went around the world he met everywhere men whose faces glowed as they remembered his addresses at Lake Geneva or at great gatherings of American students. Nobody knows how many fires he has kindled in human hearts. But wherever he has spoken there has come warmth and light. The sheer gladness and arresting appeal of religion live in his heart and speak in the words which he writes, words with many a bright and beautiful light playing upon them all the while. In the midst of the contending voices of these times his voice has reminded us that even in times of conflict there may abide in the heart a rapturous peace.

## UNDERSTANDING ENGLAND

WE were about to embark on the ship which was to carry us back to America. I had been saying some hearty and eager words of appreciation regarding England to the friend at my side. A stranger—an American also—interrupted us. He had opinions about England. And he intended to give them publicity. They were not pleasant opinions. And they were announced with a caustic energy which showed how much enjoyment he derived from saying ugly things about the “tight little island” which we were leaving. There are a good many of this man. And they are filled with surprise when they are told that they have never seen England at all. They feel that they have weighed John Bull in the balance and that he is found wanting. They do not know that they have never really become acquainted with the man whom they are condemning. Prejudice has created what it really wanted to see.

Now, of course, an American can have rather a bad time in England. If he insists on taking all his American assumptions with him and in the most superior fashion refuses to take seriously the assumptions which come out of centuries of English life and experience, he will be hitting against sharp and cutting edges of English temperament all the while. He will perpetually be erecting invisible walls which will shut him off from the people among whom he is sojourning. He will never make the distinction between what a man does and what he means by what he does. And he will fail to see that things which have one meaning in America

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often have a very different meaning in England. Every land has its own passwords, and the traveler in that land must learn them. This is, of course, as necessary for Englishmen in America as for Americans in England. And the fact is complicated because a nation's code of manners has entered so deeply into its life that it has sunk far below the level of consciousness. Men only know that they do not like the men who violate its requirements. They would be confused if they were suddenly required to state them. The American who would see England must be willing quietly and thoughtfully to set about looking at England through English eyes.

Let us follow this open-minded and open-hearted American as he goes through the British Isles, finding treasures which many a tourist will miss. Perhaps he is a Cecil Rhodes scholar at Oxford and his residence in the great university will give him all the more opportunity to discover the land which has welcomed him to one of its shrines of learning.

His first impression will be a sense of something very finished and very old. The buildings, the exquisite lawns, the whole landscape, as he goes about, tell the tale of a people with centuries of memories and all the subtle impression of intricate relationships which come out of an ancient life. And even in this restless day, when the spirit of iconoclastic activity is all abroad, the English radical has no intention of turning from the treasures of the old life out of which he has come. He is audacious enough industrially. He is a convinced democrat politically. But he is an unconscious Tory in most of his social intuitions. He proposes to keep the rare and exquisite bloom of English

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life, even though his steps as he sets about it are often awkward enough.

The man who can love old buildings and old yet gracious ways, the man who can watch with a happy gleam of appreciation in his eyes, without talking, has taken the first step in discovering England, and incidentally in being liked by Englishmen.

The second step is taken when a man begins to understand the seventy-seven kinds of silence of which an Englishman is capable. A typical American is not sure a thing has happened to him until he has talked about it. A typical Englishman would be perfectly sure a thing had not happened to him in any deep and noble way if he did talk about it. And all the delicate shadings of his complicated nature are expressed in kinds of silence which the discerning friend can follow and interpret with a sort of hearty pleasure. When a man learns not to crash into the delicate and gracious silence of an Englishman with blatant and careless speech he is on the way of becoming his friend for life. And when he can match the Englishman's silence with a silence of his own, all full of rich and understanding appreciation, the deed is done.

Then there is the puzzle of English speech. For Englishmen can talk. They do talk. And when they talk, often they protect the fine flower of their inner life by saying what they do not think. There are nations whose men talk cynically because they are cynical. Englishmen talk cynically because they are afraid of the delicate beauty of their own ideals, and would make some attempt to shelter them from the rude blasts of human convention. When an Englishman acts in a crisis, he is likely to act on the basis of some very sim-

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ple and manly ideal. When he talks, he is likely to cast words of shattering disillusionment all about him. The American who moves right through this protective covering of cynical speech to the simple earnestness of heart beneath, will begin to come in sight of the soul of England.

But there is other talk of which an Englishman is capable. He has wonderful hours of self-giving to the men whom he really trusts. After you have understood his silence, and after you have discounted his cynicism, there will come a night when you are alone together. Through some subtle alchemy the miracle will be wrought, and he will speak words which tell you the tale of his wistful hunger for goodness and beauty, and of those deep and abiding idealisms by which his soul lives.

He knows his splendid old English speech and his phrases glow and gleam as he talks. You have an almost bewildering sense of the simplicity and charm of a great spirit. Then the curtain falls, and the golden hour passes. But you are friends in a new sense ever after. To the man who views him unsympathetically, the Englishman can offer a surface hard and uninviting enough. But that man never knows the fire in the heart of the cold men he dislikes, and he never knows England.

The invisible England of the spirit is a land of radiant dreams, haunted by the sad sense of much disappointment. And only the man who has seen this England can judge with understanding the history, the institutions, or the people of the motherland of English speech and of the democracy of English-speaking people.

## THE MAN WHO REFUSED TO BE CLASSIFIED

To be frank, there were times when Horace Hamilton rather tantalized me. And often he was a very unsettling person. Most of my friends have long since been assigned to particular pigeon-holes. And most of them seem entirely comfortable in the place to which they have been assigned. But it is not so with Hamilton. He is like a document which you carefully place in one spot only to find that by some magic process it has wriggled out and is now found in an entirely different place. When Judge Markham comes into my house with his air of fairly regal dignity I know at once that I am to listen to the speech of a brilliant Tory. It is full of the play of a subtle and adventurous mind. And the phrases have their own touch of bright distinction. But in the end it all comes to the grand style of that urbane and assured conservatism which we used to know.

When Clinton Neville leaves his study long enough to come and see me, I know quite well the sort of ideas he will offer to me as friendly gifts. He is a very disarming person. He speaks with a tone of self-deprecating humility. He is touchingly eager to have his judgment confirmed by the verdict of his friends. He is so gentle that there are moments when you wonder if such an evanescent creature will not quite vanish from your sight. But all the while you know that in soft and mellow tones he will utter the most amazing thoughts. Nothing is safe from his devastating hand.



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His only objections to the word "reconstruction" are these: First, he objects to any permanent structure because it hampers the free movement of personality. Then the very word has to use old letters. And that indicates a certain intellectual slavery to the past. He is the fine essence of the spirit of destruction. From this you will see that I am not just easily imposed upon by the manner in which a man displays the wares of his mind. But Horace Hamilton bewilders me. One moment he makes an observation which makes me think of Burke. The next he makes a remark which suggests the mind of John Dewey. Does he have a view of life which gives him a larger synthesis than I have apprehended? Or does he express unrelated and contradictory moods with a gay abandon to the feeling of the moment? In any event he stimulates me more than all the people whose opinions I can forecast. And on the whole I am rather glad that Horace Hamilton refuses to be classified.

The other day Horace Hamilton was talking about the Middle West. "Vachel Lindsay has seen the Middle West," he began. "When Edgar Lee Masters wrote *The Spoon River Anthology* some people thought he had revealed the heart of that midcontinental country. As a matter of fact, he only revealed its diseased liver. But Lindsay comes nearer to it. He comes nearer because he looks at it with a touch of humility. You can never understand anything or anybody while you are busy feeling intellectually or æsthetically superior. Then he has heard the song which the Middle West sings to itself when nobody is supposed to listen. Most things and most people have their song. And you never understand them until you hear it. No end of people

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refuse to believe that the Middle West has any song. They think this is a reflection upon the country they describe with caustic irony. Really it is a reflection upon dull and impatient ears which have failed to catch the music."

We were walking a country road together while Horace Hamilton was speaking. He paused after his preliminary onslaught. For a little while I was silent too, and the only sounds were those made by our feet as we moved along the road.

"But you're not going to pretend that the Middle West is an unappreciated Athens?" I inquired at length.

"If I hadn't just used the figure of the song I would say that it is an inarticulate Athens," replied my friend.

"But what about its ugliness, and its commonplaceness, and its heavy, beastly heart?" I asked.

"There is confusion and you call that ugliness. There is a slowness of expression and you call that commonplaceness. There is a fierce thrust of bodily desire and you call that heavy beastliness. Oh! To be sure, all these things are there, but they are not the defining things. And the sound of the infinite sea can be heard in any one of the lives it shelters if you know how to listen."

Hamilton looked at me with a twinkle in his eye.

"Did you ever hear," he asked, "of the prospector who came back with seventeen notebooks filled with accurate descriptions of places where you could not find gold? There is plenty of that which is not gold in the Middle West. And I do not need the help of a decadent mind playing with bits of shrewd and ob-

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servant cynicism to teach me about it. But the point is that there are such quantities of gold as cause the eye to glitter and the heart to burn. The real prospector is the man who knows the way to that."

"Doesn't that sound Mid-Victorian?" I asked.

Hamilton turned upon me wrathfully.

"Before long you will have reached the stage where you are afraid to express honest appreciation of anything for fear of the ignominy of being called an exponent of the cloyingly sweet sentimentality of the Victorian period. And you will think that you are only being honest when you are, as a matter of fact, expressing some bit of disillusioned misanthropy."

"Not quite so hard," I objected. "You are using dreadfully hard words to enforce a curiously ethereal philosophy."

Hamilton looked me straight in the eye.

"Ethereal, is it?" he inquired. "Yes, as ethereal as the love of a million mothers. As ethereal as the fresh and upreaching aspiration of three million sons. As ethereal as that sense of the human mystery which haunts the rare and sunlit hours of the heaviest life. All I am saying is that if you speak to the beast in a man, why, it is there. But that is not all that is there. If you speak to the hero sleeping in his heart, there is a deep-drawn breath. There is a heave and a struggle, and lo! the hero looks out upon you."

I went to the side of the road to pluck a beautiful spring flower. A tiny snake glided away at my approach.

"Why didn't you pick the snake?" asked Horace.

I smiled as I replied: "Perhaps because I too am tired of realism."

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Once again there was a hostile flash in Hamilton's eye.

"Tired of realism," he repeated. "Is the snake more real than the flower?"

## A LITTLE UNIVERSITY IN SEVEN VOLUMES

IN the summer of 1914, before the outbreak of the great conflagration, I was having tea one afternoon in London with a gifted Englishman who is the author of many useful books. As we sat talking he turned to me with a little light of unusual interest in his eye.

"Do you know the sort of work done by F. S. Marvin?" he asked, "and have you read his little book *The Living Past*?"

"I have never heard of Marvin and so, of course, I have never read *The Living Past*," I replied.

It was evident at once that my host had found a theme.

"Marvin thinks of all history as a great river which is perpetually flowing into the present," he said, "and so to him the past never really passes out of existence. It is always active in the life of the present. He is a man of amazing erudition and he takes a long period of time for brooding thought before he writes."

Moving toward one of the cases of books which told what a bookman he was, my host took from the shelf the volume *The Living Past*.

"Take this along with you," he said. And so it happened that when I found myself in my own lodgings that night I was in possession of a book which was to have a good deal of significance for my own intellectual life. Mr. Marvin represents the positivist tradition, at least in its sense of the extreme importance of history. He was senior scholar of Saint John's

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College at Oxford and the ripe qualities of learning associated with the university which so many scholars have loved appear amply in his work. *The Living Past* was published in 1913, well before the time when the nimble mind of H. G. Wells had produced the *Outline of History*. The one volume is the brilliant *tour de force* of a mind essentially journalistic. The other is the expression of that profound erudition and long and brooding thought which give a certain solidity and depth to all writing which bears their marks.

I read *The Living Past* with fascinated interest. The roots of our present civilization were traced out with a patient understanding which gladdened the reader. And the meaning of contemporary life as the recipient of this ancient heritage was skillfully expressed.

My second contact with the mind of this kindling scholar was in the summer of 1919. I had been spending the night at Balliol, and was strolling along one of the streets of Oxford before leaving in the morning. A bookstore window proved particularly alluring. And there among the volumes displayed was *The Century of Hope*, by F. S. Marvin. Soon the volume was in my possession. The subtitle informs the reader that this book is "a sketch of Western Progress from 1815 to the Great War." Here again you have the same qualities of long and thorough investigation, the same bringing of things together in unusual and revealing fashion, the same capacity for comprehensive and yet careful generalization which were so characteristic of *The Living Past*.

In August of 1915 Mr. Marvin began an experiment which has proved to be of a most significant character. For at this time the series of lectures was delivered by

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a number of distinguished scholars at the Woodbrooke Settlement, near Birmingham, which was to be edited by Mr. Marvin under the title *The Unity of History*, and so to form the first of that "Unity Series" which has brought such stimulus to students of history and to thoughtful readers in all parts of the English-speaking world. This volume, every lecture by a man with some genuine claim to authoritative utterance, is a compact and masterly study of those elements which have contributed to the unity of the world in prehistoric times, in the period of the greatest achievement of Greece and Rome, and in the Middle Ages. Then taking a more specialized view as we come to the modern world, we have studies of unity in law, in literature and art, in science and philosophy, in education, in commerce and finance, in industrial legislation and social reform, in politics and religion. There is an amount of data for personal thought and appraisal of fairly astounding range and thoroughness of presentation.

The next volume of the "Unity Series," and of course Mr. Marvin is the editor of each volume of the series, is entitled *Progress and History*. Here there are studies of progress in religion, of moral progress, of progress in government and industry, in art, science, and philosophy. It would be difficult to find a more searching and many-sided account of the progressive elements of the human adventure than we have here.

The third volume of the series deals with *Recent Developments in European Thought*. These lectures present the significant aspects of European thinking since 1870 as these appear to men of massive learning who appraise the fields of philosophy, religion, poetry,

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history, political theory, economic development, atomic theories, biology, art, and music. The man who wants to think with any sort of completeness of the life of the last fifty years will be astonished at the fundamental material which these lectures bring before him.

The fourth volume of the series deals with *The Evolution of World Peace*. Alexander and Hellenism, the work of Rome, Innocent the Third and the Mediæval Church, Grotius and International Law, the French Revolution, the Congress of Vienna, the Nineteenth Century and the League of Nations are among the subjects set forth in large and careful perspective. The man who wants to be sure of the historic basis of thought about world peace in so far as this thought is the result of the actual activities of the past, will find this volume a necessary part of his equipment.

The fifth volume of the series has to do with *Western Races and the World*. The whole problem of subject peoples is dealt with in a singularly full and honest fashion. The Greeks and barbarians, the Roman Empire, the influence of Christianity, the humanitarianism of the eighteenth century, Europe and Islam, the Indian Problem, Western Races and the Far East, the economic exploitation of the tropics, master and man in the tropics, and the mandates under the League of Nations come in for the sort of discussion which constantly enlarges the mental horizon of the readers.

All of these volumes contain bibliographical suggestions of the most valuable character. Among the distinguished lists of contributors to these lectures one reads the names of such a galaxy of scholars and thinkers and writers as whet the appetite even before the work of perusal has actually begun.



## A LITTLE UNIVERSITY IN SEVEN VOLUMES

The two books by Mr. Marvin himself and the five volumes of the "Unity Series," in fact, form a sort of little university which will give the careful student a new citizenship in the contemporary world, a citizenship in which the present is all the while being lighted by the whole experience of the human race in the past. Some of these volumes I had read before but within the last eight months I have reread them and have read all of the others. The series, therefore, is vividly alive to my mind as I write these words. And it is my deliberate opinion that I do not know any fashion in which the man who wants to think in international terms can come so surely into contact with practically all of the essential elements of such thinking as by reading these compact volumes; and if a man is already possessed of a mind trained and ripe and rich, he will be the better fitted to receive and classify and utilize the materials which these books afford.

Mr. Marvin has promised another volume on *Science and Social Progress*, which we eagerly await. In the meantime these seven volumes are fundamental to the thinker who wants to see the present in the light of the past. Of course the contributors of these lectures do not all agree with each other. And there are varied aspects of the authors' minds and varied elements of the problems discussed which are constantly emerging. This assures the reader that he is dealing with the sort of material which has been honestly conceived and candidly set forth.

## THE MAGIC OF BOOKS

WE have all outgrown the belief in magic. At least we believe that we have outgrown it. But you cannot quite do away with magic as long as you are a reader of books. To begin with, if a man writes a book, he is never quite dead as long as anybody reads it and so in books, dead men are achieving a perpetual resurrection. And then nothing is quite lost if you put it in a book. Though tucked away in the libraries in the world, at any time someone is likely to find it and then it will spread abroad and become the possession of men everywhere. The past has not really departed as long as its tale remains in some of the books of the world, for somebody is likely to read the books and then our ancestors become our contemporaries. A book seems a harmless thing, but it is full of smokeless powder which sends many a charge of deadly effect right into the fortifications of the foe. A book seems a lifeless thing, and yet it contains facts which will fructify and grow and make a difference at last in the life of cities and nations and whole civilizations. A book does not look very nourishing, and yet books have contained food enough to satisfy the hunger of whole generations of men.

You would not suppose that a book could interfere with a man's digestion, and yet books have contained poison which has been taken into the system with most deadly effect. You would not suppose a man could get out of his own body and cease to experience life through his own personality, but by means of a book a

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man may turn himself into a thousand other people, living their lives, hoping their hopes, fearing their fears and coming to their glorious success or to their tragic failure. You would suppose the words of the book are fastened tight to the page, little black inert things without energy and without power, and yet in the most surprising way they will jump right off the page and hit you between the eyes or plunge into your mind and stab you into quick action or plunge into your heart and kindle there a fire all bright and glowing.

You can never tell what a book will do next. It will carry you on far journeys while you are sitting in your own home. It will freeze you with cold though you are in the tropics, and surround you with tropical vegetation though you are in the arctic circle. Books will bring the great of the ages into scantily furnished attics and leave priceless jewels of thought scattered around in the most poverty-stricken hovels. Really, it is quite impossible for us to say farewell to magic as long as books are in the world.

Aladdin's lamp with its wonderful slave has haunted the imagination of the boys of many civilizations, but Aladdin's lamp is not a lamp, but a book, and the slaves of the book make the world over again, opening thousands of doors and guiding men out into unsuspected highways of knowledge and achievement.

The place where the rainbow touches the earth and you find the pot of gold is a library.

The man who enters a real library has the world at his feet.

## THE MANNERS OF THE MINISTER

IT used to be said of Louis XIV that he had such a constantly noble bearing that he even played billiards like a grand monarch. Doubtless you cannot apply such a test to the minister. The observer who watched him engaging in this particular form of recreation would be more likely to quote the irritated remark of Herbert Spencer, who, when defeated by a young man at a game of billiards, remarked that for a young man to play so well was evidence of a misspent youth. But although the age of Louis XIV has passed and although billiards would not be regarded as the happiest sort of recreation for a minister, it is still true that there are standards of social amenity which the minister ought to be able triumphantly to meet. "No doubt he is a Christian. But he is not a gentleman," was the trenchant summing up of the character of a rude and loud-voiced but earnest preacher who spoke as if the only way to reach the conscience of his hearers was by offending their taste.

We all know ministers who are very gracious and delightful gentlemen. They are confined to no denomination. They belong exclusively to no ecclesiastical group. They have that instinctive refinement which moves through the world with a gentle and immediate understanding of the feelings of all whom they meet. They would not fit the cynical definition ascribed to Mr. Taft that a gentleman is one who never unintentionally gives pain. They have voices which bring a ministry of healing even before you have understood

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the meaning of their words. They have a curious capacity of putting themselves in the places of those to whom they are talking and of discovering what will rouse and interest and please and of avoiding what would wound and ruffle and hurt. As you watch them you discover that whatever else it means to be a gentleman at least it involves the practice of a perpetual social unselfishness. But you soon pass beyond the negative virtue. The gentleman is not so much the man who forgets himself as the man who appreciates others. And these gentlemen of the cloth are the constant evangelists of a cult of human appreciation. They always leave people with a new confidence in themselves. They give a new sense of personal dignity as a sort of fine and gracious gift to all the people to whom they talk.

We all know ministers who are characterized by a proud and scornful disregard of social amenities. They know how to talk, but they do not know how to listen. They somehow seem to manage to be in the center of the picture wherever they are. "When he comes to visit me I feel as if he owned my house and I had become a poor relation visiting him," said a keen-eyed man of such a minister. This type of preacher is often a swinging orator. His pulpit is his throne and he is always in an imaginary pulpit. He addresses an individual as if he were an eager and enraptured audience. There is no rarer sport for a man with a touch of malice back of his humor than to attend a dinner party where two such ministers sit at the same table. Then the unloveliness of the type receives memorable and perfect expression.

You can tell a good deal about a minister by the way

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in which he treats younger men and men who have not quite attained the ecclesiastical recognition which has come to him. There is a well-known and useful bishop in a certain ecclesiastical group who has a trick of giving a perfectly lifeless hand to an unknown young minister who is introduced to him, and even as he shakes hands with him looking all the while at some more important person with whom he is talking. "I have shaken his hand but I have never met him," said one such young man. The very urbane unconsciousness of this characteristic bit of discourtesy is perhaps the most revealing thing about it. A man who had been a poor enough student in Hebrew was once paying a last call upon his Old Testament professor before leaving the theological seminary. He had been wonderfully inspired by his teacher and he wanted to tell him so. But he cut a rather sorry figure as the consciousness of his own inadequate work came over him in the presence of the great man, known perhaps even better in Europe than in America. All his life he remembered with gratitude the fashion in which the Old Testament scholar opened his heart to him, telling him of his ideals in teaching, of his hopes for his students, and of his sense of the situation of Hebrew scholarship in the world. "He talked to me as he might have talked to an equal," said the astonished student afterward. There is a famous minister of quite delightful gifts and graces who has a way of referring to the "little fellows" in the ministry which tells its own story of the territory in his mental life which has never been occupied by a gentleman. Perhaps the most offensive form of patronage in ministerial life is to be found in the tone in which certain types of preachers pronounce the word

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“brother” in addressing a man in whose presence they feel a subtle sense of advantage in churchly position or public recognition.

The minister of noble refinement of feeling makes his pulpit a place of simple and beautiful dignity. You sit in the pew in front of him, happy in the knowledge that he will utter no word which is not in harmony with the gracious and lofty sanctions of the place. He does not fall into the pit of weakness in order to achieve the high and memorable graces of the pulpit. He can be as direct as light. He can be as powerful in the impact of his message as the sudden break of thunder. In fact, his relentless analysis of evil and his caustic condemnation of wrong are all the more potent because of the sense of restraint and self-control with which he speaks.

It must be frankly admitted that there are pulpits in America where things are said and done which are almost beyond the belief of a man accustomed to the ordinary standards of pulpit decency. Sometimes it is simply a matter of carelessness. Sometimes the preacher is the apotheosis of all that is crude and bizarre. The great churches in all the denominations have achieved a worship which is noble and beautiful and full of dignity and reverence. But the leaders of all the churches not characterized by a solemn tradition of beautiful worship need to look into the activities of many a minister in many a town and on many a countryside.

The gentleman in the pulpit must pass out to be among his people. And here he meets a definite test. He is a highly organized person with delicate and sensitive nerves. And there are still all sorts of people

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in his congregation. But he is not simply the pastor of the people who have a temperamental appeal for him. He is the pastor of all his people. And the man who gives himself with a hearty and sympathetic understanding to every type and variety, searching for the jewel in every life, has achieved a type of pastoral relation which is almost beyond praise. "He is often impatient with what I say. He is never impatient with me," said a young man of such a pastor. To be sure, a man cannot respond to all the infinite calls made upon him. But he can learn how to refuse in such a fashion that the very refusal has something friendly and helpful about it.

Christianity rescues many rude men. It should never make them proud of their rudeness. It has a place for multitudes of men of limited opportunity and outlook. It ought never to develop a self-conscious complacency which makes a man feel as if these limitations are assets rather than liabilities. It calls to the ministry men with a divine fire in their hearts and with no graces of bearing. It must always meet them with an appreciation in which there is no subtle reminder of their limitations. But it has a right to expect that they will not attempt to make their limitations standards for the church.



## THE FUTURE OF THE CONGREGATION- ALISTS

THIS article is not a study in eschatology, though the title might bear that interpretation. I suppose that since those far-off sixteenth-century days when Robert Browne lived and wrote and went up the hill of Congregationalism and then came down again to the fold of the Anglican Church, as many kinds of people have professed and practiced the way of the Independents in ecclesiastical life as have entered the other denominational groups. One would doubtless need the larger hope in writing eschatologically of the future of the members who have belonged to any of the great churchly groups. The diverting thing about discussing individuals in their churchly relationships is not only that there are as many kinds of them as there were varieties of beasts in the sheet of Peter's vision, but that so often they somehow fall into the wrong division. It is highly instructive to the student of ecclesiastical biography to find a man who was meant by nature to be a Jesuit high in the councils of Rome to have lived his life out in the Methodist Episcopal Church; or a man who was meant by the same token to have been a high-church leader in a contemporary Anglican communion to be standing each Sunday in a Congregational pulpit. Perhaps in these curious ecclesiastical misplacements we come nearer to the reality of church union than we believe.

However, this study must pass by the alluring field of speculation regarding individuals. For this

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discussion we will follow the fashion of the realists of the Middle Ages and assume that the general is more real than the particular; that the church is more significant than its members. If this seems the frankest flouting of a fundamental Congregational principle at the very beginning, we must hasten to remind ourselves that there is and there has been a Congregational organism in spite of the fear of system which has characterized the group in all its history. It is true that it has been an invisible ideal rather than a finished set of concepts. But the very central matter in all this is just that the Congregational thinker has contended that so you reach the only valid organism. This spirit and this ideal are the very means by which a group is made one with an eternal oneness. There is a wonderful organism but it is produced not by the mechanical union of antagonistic elements held together by artificial pressure. It is a union produced by the free movement of elements whose very principle of life unites them. And then there are the great leaders, and so we come back to individuals again.

There is no doubting for a moment the significance, even the greatness, of the past of Congregationalism. In seventeenth-century England the deepest notes sounded in the days of the Commonwealth came from the inspiration of this group. And in seventeenth-century America it was this spirit which poured into the life of the New World its most priceless elements. To quote a too frequently overlooked bit of Lowell:

“They were rude men unlovely, yes, but great,  
Who prayed about the cradle of our state.  
Small room for light and sentimental strains  
In those lean men with empires in their brains;

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Who their young Israel saw in vision clasp  
The mane of either sea in taming grasp;  
Who pitched a state as other men pitch tents,  
And led the march of time to great events."

It cannot be denied that on both sides of the sea the Congregational group had its share in the spiritual sterility which characterized the eighteenth century. With the nineteenth century better days came, and looking over the whole period with a flashing glance many a notable leader emerges. To me at least two of them are the men of most outstanding significance. In England Robert William Dale, who for so many years was the minister of Carrs Lane Congregational Church in Birmingham, was a man whose massive mind formed a meeting place for all that was noblest in the Congregational tradition and most full of hope in its aspiration. In America Horace Bushnell passed Congregational principles through the alembic of a personality from which they came forth glowing with new radiance and alive with new power.

Four principles as I see it have kept playing through the thought and action of the Congregationalists. They have not been held in equal emphasis. Sometimes a great leader has lived in the light of a part of them and has completely ignored the rest. There has been the most free and easy movement of their influence. When they have met in noble harmony all has been well with the Congregational group. When they have become confused and distorted all has been very far from well. All these are the principles; or, rather, these are the passions. For they have been principles on fire with personal devotion when they have been most powerful. First, the passion for freedom; second, the passion for

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justice; third, the passion for the intellectual life; and fourth, the passion for the knowledge of God. The passion for freedom made these men Independents. It made them ready to be the founders of new states. The passion for justice was the inspiration back of much that occurred in the days of the commonwealth. It lived in the planning of the theocratic forms of government in New England. It has enabled Congregationalists to provide leaders in many a reform. It found dramatic expression when Henry Ward Beecher sold slave girls from Plymouth pulpit in order to give them their freedom and to rouse the conscience of the nation.

The passion for the intellectual life found characteristic expression in all the subtlety and keenness of the New England theology. It became a deep and abiding spirit, inspiring ministers who were men of letters as well as ministers. It lifted the level of the intellectual life of America and produced in England a ministry which was almost an intellectual aristocracy. The passion for God ran so deeply and was expressed with such noble self-restraint that the attempt to locate examples of it is like the endeavor to photograph an atmosphere. But a study of the fashion in which a deepening and growing Christian experience dominated all the thought and feeling and activity of Horace Bushnell will give some suggestion of this profound and far-reaching influence.

In some respects Congregationalism was particularly well equipped to meet the transitions which the period immediately before us brought. The scientific view of life, the critical study of the documents upon which our religion rests for literary expression, the

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diffusion of the social passion, found in men of this tradition welcoming and interpreting minds. It was not an accident that Dale had a notable share in making Birmingham the best-governed city in England. It was not an accident that Washington Gladden became an authoritative interpreter of the social gospel. It was not an accident that Lyman Abbott helped to make the idea of evolution at home in the church. It was not an accident that Fairbairn became a masterly interpreter of the philosophy of the Christian religion. The richness and the variety of the Congregational life are revealed in the fact that as time went on the delicate and rare beauties of the inner life were given unsurpassed expression in the preaching and writing of J. H. Jowett, and the dialectical vigor of evangelical thought centering in the cross was put forth in the flashing sword play of Principal Peter T. Forsyth.

All the while some very interesting things were going on. With some men the intellectual interest clearly predominated. There was little of the richness of the inner life, or, if richness, a rarified and intellectualized quality which was nobly serene and lofty but rather far from the intense experiences of the common life. Doctor Gordon in a sense became the high priest of this section of the church. The opposite extreme was found in those who took mighty plunges into regions of hot and passionate rhetoric, seizing the popular mind by constant dramatic flash and power. Doctor Hillis made this type known everywhere in America. A certain intellectual stateliness, a wielding of a large brush upon a great canvas and the attempt to mobilize thoughts and currents of the mind and views of life on a vast and impressive scale characterized the preaching

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of Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, who became in an unusual sense an evangelical humanist. There were men of wonderful heartiness and dash and open-mindedness with a zest for religion and a constant capacity for comradeship like Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, who created a highly useful and forceful type.

There were men who might have learned their secret of lonely brooding thought and of distinguished and vital expression from Amiel, and of these perhaps there is no better example than Dr. Gaius Glenn Atkins. There were apostles of rude and bustling efficiency who forgot the nobler traditions of Congregationalism in the rush of immediate activity and the desire for instant returns. We will name no representation of this group. There were men who caught a vivid and authentic vision of the great God and poured it forth in sentences tingling with energy and with spiritual vitality. Such an utterance is Dr. Albert Parker Fitch's *Preaching and Paganism*. There were Congregational leaders who, as if discouraged with preaching, turned to a new emphasis upon worship. It is easy to find this note in the utterances of Doctor Boynton, Doctor Fitch, and Doctor Cadman. These men have been referred to not so much as individuals as in order to indicate trends which they seem to typify and express. It all indicates vigorous life and energetic thought and ardent action. There are no end of other distinguished names which might be mentioned. Some of them are buzzing in the ears of the writer of this article at this very moment. But we will let the above characterizations stand for what they are worth and we will not add to them. We pass to the great question, What does it all indicate? Where is Congregationalism going?

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What further contributions is it to make to our religious life? In the remainder of this article, as in the paragraphs which have immediately preceded, we will confine ourselves generally to the situation and the outlook in America.

Congregationalism shares with all the rest of the churches the experience of unrest and readjustment and confusion which characterize the period in which we are living. There is interesting illustration of the way in which the leaders themselves are finding their way and taking up new positions, or at least new points of emphasis, from day to day in the contrasts which emerge when we compare Doctor Fitch's little brochure, *Can the Church Survive in the Changing Order?* with his Yale lectures on preaching, to which we have already referred. It was one thing to be a Christian leader in the days of Herbert Spencer. It is another to be a Christian leader in the days of Einstein (not to mention Freud). And no group of leaders feel the pressure more than the men of the Congregational communion. It is also true that there is a temptation in a time of unequaled mental hospitality to carry openmindedness to the place where a man wakes some morning to find that he has no major premise. And it can safely be asserted that just this has happened to some men in the Congregational Church. The opposite danger is to settle into an intellectual scholasticism which is the constant menace of a church which puts a great emphasis on the things of the mind. And from this danger all living Congregational ministers, I suppose, cannot be said to have escaped.

In all the churches some of the fine young bloods of the ministry are tempted to be so busy with the doing

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of the will of God that they forget that there is such a thing as communion with the God whose will one is trying to do. In the long run such young leaders awake to find religion a rather uninspired branch of social statistics. It is easy to see where Congregationalists may make mistakes. I think it is easy to see where some of them are making mistakes. Most of these mistakes are being made in other denominational groups as well, for the lines dividing the men of light and leading in the various communities are not the sort of lines they once were. In any city you could organize a ministerial club of men who hate the critical study of the Bible and who fear every movement of the modern mind and another club of men who welcome each rebuff that turns the church's smoothness rough and hold the faith in glad freedom in the new day. And if you organized these clubs the lines which divided the men would not be denominational. A Congregational friend whispers in my ear that none of his group would belong to the club of obscurantists. I wonder if he is right!

The tendency upon the part of influential leaders of the Congregational body to put a new emphasis upon worship is a most interesting and significant thing. It will have many happy results. No doubt in the end it will make many services which have been hard and austere and barren, warm and rich and beautiful. There is something almost disconcerting in the thought of Congregationalism speaking to the spirit through the senses, but I dare say it is quite likely to be. Only one thing ought carefully to be guarded. If a gracious and beautiful worship accompanies the noblest and most commanding preaching all will be well. But if



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the Congregational communion should ever come to the day when beautiful or even exquisite forms of worship take the place of the living word, and replace the emphasis upon the force of prophecy, a day of decadence and decay will indeed have come. And Congregationalism will have forgotten some of the most significant chapters of its history. I do not believe that such a day will ever come. But in all seriousness I would like to warn some of my Congregational brethren that while the æsthetic expression of religion is a most happy and legitimate supplement of its intellectual expression, if the appeal to the taste ever takes the place of the appeal to the mind, there will be the most fundamental moral loss.

I suppose that it is almost inevitable that as a Methodist I should say a word of the contrast between our highly articulated forms of organization and the fear of system to be found in the Congregational Church, at least insofar as this contrast may be said to have a bearing on the future of the Congregationalists. There are not lacking indications that Congregational leaders are thinking with some seriousness of the advisability of some more definite articulation of their own ecclesiastical life. Perhaps one may be permitted to observe at this point that a closely knit organization is a very wonderful and also a very dangerous thing. If the spirit of life is in the wheels (as in the case of Ezekiel's vision), you have a very happy situation indeed. But if all the complex wheels become a substitute for vitality instead of the expression of vitality, you have the sort of condition which made Emerson write in a mood of rare pessimism, "Things are in the saddle and ride mankind." As a matter of fact, the

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only safety of early Methodism lay in the fact that all of its intricate organization was the by-product of a wonderfully intense and mastering spiritual life. And even as it is I observe that some of our younger brethren are willing to admit if pressed that sometimes the wheels get in the way of the Spirit. And it is not quite always those who have failed of some ecclesiastical recognition who say this. I do venture to believe that the Congregational churches will be able to work more effectively if their organization becomes a little more practical and complete. But this must be worked out in such a fashion as to preserve the historic freedom of the members of the group if there is not to be serious loss.

Already we have referred indirectly to the great revival which changed the aridity of the eighteenth century. It is most significant that both Dale and Bushnell were profoundly influenced by currents which came from the Great Revival. The emphasis of each of these powerful Congregational leaders was in a measure an inheritance from that movement. When one rereads such a book as Dale's *Living Christ and the Four Gospels* he is arrested by its high note of spiritual reality. Here was a man who was a notable practical leader. He was a minister of the deepest social passion. He was a commanding dialectician. He was an expert in education. He was completely familiar with the processes of criticism as they had developed in his day. He was the master of a literary style which Sir William Robertson Nicoll has counted among the supreme achievements in expression in the use of our good old English speech. But you reach the real secret of Dale's power as you go back of all these things and

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stand with him in the hour of authentic awareness in respect of the things of the Spirit. One moves very reverently in these sacred places. But one must say as much as this: Dale was a sure and creative leader because he had come to know that Christ is alive. The experience put new power into his thinking. It put new acumen into his criticism. It put new and perpetual energy into his social passion. With the same vision and the same manifold application of its meaning the Congregational churches of America and of all the world can meet the future with clear eyes and singing hearts and ready hands.

## THE LEAGUE OF FRIENDLY MINDS

THERE is an arresting passage in Sainte-Beuve's essay on Marie Antoinette in which, after discussing the trial of that unhappy queen, the famous essayist continues: "When we consider that a century, said to be enlightened and highly cultivated, lent itself to public acts of such barbarity, we begin to distrust human nature and to feel appalled at its brute ferocity, savage and fierce in reality, though kept within bounds, and only requiring opportunity to break forth unrestrainedly." The startling question as to the structure of human character itself which Sainte-Beuve so significantly raised has deep and far-reaching meaning for all the men and women and little children who live in the world to-day. For smoldering suspicions and passionate prejudices and boiling wraths are doing their terrible and devastating work all over the planet. Europe is electric with tense and angry hostilities. And America is the scene of such a hatred of race and color and religion as this republic has not known until now. The meditative and observant man of good will walks the deck of a ship which moves among angry seas.

This situation is to be confronted and understood and mastered by the new ministry. And it is critically important that the preacher who is to exercise its functions shall realize that whatever may be said about a League of Nations, the world cannot be saved without a League of Friendly Minds.

It cannot be claimed that it is precisely a new insight of which we are speaking. In that old English

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poem "Beowulf," after the great exploit of the hero, Hrothgar declares:

"This hast thou done,  
Beowulf, my friend!  
Thou hast put friendship between our peoples,

"And stilled the envy,  
The secret hatreds,  
Hid in their hearts."

This is still the fundamental task in respect of human relations, though we must see it in a vastly larger perspective than that of the old English epic. The German poet of the thirteenth century, Walter von der Vogelweide, put the matter with a generous breadth of understanding in the words:

"Christian and Jew and heathen serve Him  
Who gives the bread of life to all."

There is something strangely summoning in these flashes of understanding in poetry centuries old. They have by no means lost their power to command us, though they have been so often ignored and so often forgotten.

The new ministry, then, is to be the living exponent of the League of Friendly Minds. It is to be the League of Friendly Minds in action for the saving of the world.

A good deal of our enthusiastic peace propaganda is likely to prove futile just because it never goes to the root of the matter. It passes resolutions against hate, but it does not produce love. There is no power for the overthrow of the system of war like that possessed by functioning brotherhood. If we keep on hating we

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will fight sooner or later despite all our gracious and lovely resolutions. We must actually join the League of Friendly Minds.

The preparation for leadership in a movement like this is a testing and demanding discipline. And the men of the new ministry must not hesitate to pay the necessary price. In the first place they must attain a body of knowledge which will make their predecessors seem the veriest provincials. They must know history as preachers have never known history before. They must know the history of the races. They must know the history of the religions. They must know the history and the customs and the institutions of men. They must know the history and the genius of the languages of men. And they must know the history and the quality of the literatures of the world. They must know all this—not as a mechanical, academic exercise. They must know it with a glowing and zestful human sympathy. They must know it because the only real way in which a man becomes a potent member of the League of Friendly Minds is to learn how to get inside the other race, the other nation, the other individual, and to look out on life from within the realm of their experience and culture. Only when you know what the other man is like inside can you give him any fruitful or productive friendship. This does not mean hunting for source materials—though they are not to be despised. It does mean the finding of the significant documents of every group in the world and making their whole intellectual and social and spiritual and ethical insight your own. It means becoming a student with a new joyous passion. It means at last becoming a man of erudition in whose mind and heart every hu-

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man type has a place of friendly understanding, but who has enough of the "ruthless love" of the surgeon to prevent him from becoming a mawkish sentimentalist.

Then the man of this sort of leadership is to be a man of travel just as much as he can. It is not just the same thing as that "Grand Tour" which used to complete a young man's education. It is getting into the life of some other type of national and, if possible, racial culture by means of personal experience while yet a young man. And the fact that journeys must be taken almost on nothing a day is not an entire handicap. A young fellow gets closer to the life of a people when he is not seeing life through the eyes of the social equivalent of a Lord of Red Caps in every land he visits. Of course he should have somewhere about his person enough money to assure his getting home if he becomes stranded. But he should get the feel of a foreign life within its own boundaries. If he cannot go abroad by crossing the sea and living with young people for a while in other lands, he can go abroad in any American city. The world has come to America, and you can form an intimacy with almost any national or racial type in almost any great American town. And a man can read particular sorts of books of travel. Such books as Harold Speakman's fine bit of Chinese life as experienced by a keen-eyed, hearty American—*Beyond Shanghai*—should be read and read again. But if possible—and usually it will be possible—either here or in foreign lands, the man who is preparing for the new ministry must be making intimate contacts with men of other national and racial backgrounds all the while.

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Of course all this means that a man must have a tremendously living and growing religious life. The tragedy of the ordinary cosmopolitan is that he becomes a chameleon. He is friendly toward everything because he does not believe very deeply in anything. He becomes a sponge with great capacity for receiving but with no life of his own and no real thing to give. There is a sort of sympathy for the world as without noble meaning as if all the instruments of the orchestra were to stop being themselves in order to play together more effectively. The first violin does not—indeed must not—cease to be a violin if the symphony is to be rendered with understanding and power. The loss of conviction and character is the decay of cosmopolitanism—it is not its achievement. And nobody can deny that an absolutely new discovery of the meaning of prayer, of the masterful command of Jesus, and of the compelling presence of the Spirit of God, must give definition and meaning to the leadership of the young Christian cosmopolitans who are really to achieve the League of Friendly Minds.

Last of all—as far as this article goes, but far enough from being last as far as the subject goes—this vast and creative and world-wide sympathy must be taken somewhere and kept somewhere with infinite patience and tact until the leaven works. Little towns, and lonely countrysides, and out-of-the-way parts of great cities must be manned by the new ministry until at last out of the lives of a people who have learned vision and understanding the Race of Friendly Men emerges. If the clear-eyed young prophets are only ready to accept dramatically brilliant posts the great day will not come. The Protestant Reformation failed



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in every country where it did not become a popular movement. The young leaders—thousands of them—must be willing to go everywhere or anywhere and to remain in the difficult and seed-scattering service of unnoticed and seemingly unrequited years, if the great thing is to be done. We cannot make the world a home of joyous brothers if we are afraid to step under the Shadow of the Cross.



II  
CONVERSATIONS



## THE HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER

JACK LANSDOWNE was getting together the books he was planning to carry off on his summer vacation. I call him Jack though he wears titles galore and is pastor of a church of commanding influence upon the life not only of a great city but of a significant section of the United States. We spent years in school together, and I rather think my friend especially prizes a relation which began long before he had made so great a place for himself in the world. So when I ran in upon him the other day he called cheerily from some upper room where he was packing and soon I was in the midst of it all. The number of books he carries off to the woods in the summer always astounds his friends. There were several groups of them and my eye moved appraisingly over one volume after another. Jack stood beside me as I inspected a little cluster of books dealing with the interpretation of the documents which make up the Old Testament and the New.

"Yes, I am going back to old favorites," he said, as if in reply to a question he had read in my eyes.

Dr. George Matheson's *Representative Men of the Bible* lay nearest to the hand I reached out while he talked.

"I never get away from Matheson for long," he said. "Every character of whom he writes is seen in a fashion which gives freshness and sharpness to one's mental portrait. And he does his work of interpretation with sentences of such clear and lovely quality that it is like being introduced all over again to our

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good old English speech. Then, about it all there is the brooding quiet of a great and creative and understanding mind. No man who has lived only in the crowds can interpret the deepest things in the Bible. I suppose Matheson's blindness saved him from seeing much that is incidental and made it possible for him to use those wonderful eyes of the spirit for seeing the essential. He will give me many a good hour this summer."

By this time I had picked up a couple of volumes of Dr. Alexander Whyte's *Bible Characters*. Jack turned to them with an affectionate light in his eye.

"You listen to noble music inside the house while the lightning flashes and the thunder reverberates outside when you spend an evening with Whyte," he said. "How he makes conscience articulate! And how the very moral and spiritual splendor of the Bible lives in what he writes! Your gospel cannot be cloyingly sweet if you read his books constantly. Yet with all the high and tremendous severity there is a gentle beauty at the heart of his words which becomes a very part of your life."

A half dozen small volumes by Dr. J. H. Jowett were lying near.

"There's to be a good deal of Jowett this year," said my friend. "You see Arthur Porritt's biography has made me want to go over these books again, reading them in the light of the completed life of the great preacher. Few men of our day have known such secrets of gracious quiet or of serene spiritual loveliness as did he. He gave to the Bible the sort of heart in which its most beautiful flowers may bloom. And his mind became a garden it is good to visit again and

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again. Every flower which blooms there has proved its right to a place in the garden of the Lord."

I turned to another group of books nearby and chuckled a little as I found volume after volume which had to do with the most technical problems of Old and New Testament scholarship. Jack smiled as he spoke:

"They really belong together, you know. A man must earn a right to his hours of brooding contemplation by hours of the most thorough study. The scholar and the mystic are to be friends and not foes."

That sentence stayed in my mind the rest of the day.

## THE CHRISTIAN MAN ON THE STREET

“WHY do people assume that the man on the street is a heathen?” asked Ben Moore, suddenly.

The three of us were sitting lazily in front of the big fireplace in Mark Hapton’s library. We straightened a little at the abrupt question, and Mark, who has kept his sense of humor and his capacity for self-criticism in spite of the big fortune he has gathered together, said, softly: “Perhaps we call him a heathen because the word rather fits.”

“No one word fits,” I broke in with the dogmatism one can use among intimate friends. “There are too many kinds of men in the street to take shelter under any adjective, and almost any noun will crack if they all try to get inside it.”

Ben Moore, who was always observing people when he was not reading significant books or writing the novels for which he is famous, now took up this new question.

“When I talk to a particular man in the street I often find that he is an active churchman, and frequently that he teaches a Sunday-school class. Incidentally, he often has a simple and hearty faith. When we speak of him collectively, we seem to think he must be a shrewd and rather disillusioned cynic. ‘That’s all very fine and beautiful,’ we say, ‘but it won’t get by with the man on the street.’ I’m not so sure. I wish somebody would write something about the Christian man on the street.”

“The trouble with him,” said Mark Hapton, “is that



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he is inarticulate. He goes quietly along keeping the Ten Commandments and paying his debts. But he doesn't make speeches."

"Why doesn't he?" asked Ben Moore.

"That reminds me," I replied indirectly, "of a book." And I pulled out of my pocket that delightful little volume by Harry Jeffs, the editor of *The Christian World Pulpit*, *Progressive Lay Preaching*.

"Here's a book which ought to be considered," I said. "In England the Christian man on the street is a lay preacher. He does speak. He gets the life of him into the life of the public. He is not an inarticulate sphinx in the midst of a blatant world. He—"

"Hold on," said Ben Moore, "I know Jeffs. He carries himself so quietly that you would not suspect that he is a chevalier of the Legion of Honor. And you would not know that he reads pretty much every European literature in its own tongue. What does he have to say?"

"Well," I replied, "he believes that the man you call the Christian man on the street should be articulate. He believes that he should be a keen observer, a great reader and a thoughtful preacher. I have been wondering what would happen in America if the really big men of all the evangelical churches began to take such an idea seriously."

"It's worth thinking about," said Mark Hapton. "I shall have to read *Progressive Lay Preaching*."

## ON THE BRIDGE WITH DOCTOR KIRK

BREWSTER was standing in his library with a book in his hand.

"Do I look as if I am standing on a bridge?" he asked, merrily.

"No, you have just gotten across to the other side," I replied. "Your look suggests a destination and not a journey."

Brewster chuckled.

"Well, I have finished the book, if that is what you mean," he said, "and some of it does rather give you a sense of finality. The book is *One Generation to Another*. And the author is your friend Dr. Harris Elliott Kirk, who for nearly twenty-five years has been pastor of one church in Baltimore. I've heard you talk about what a rugged old king he is, and how strong men eat out of his hand. And I heard him preach once in Westminster Congregational Church in London—a sermon half muscles and half fire." Brewster made a wry face. "That's a badly mixed metaphor," he admitted, "but just the same it will give you an idea of the sort of sermon it was."

He turned the pages of the book for a moment as he leaned on the arm of a capacious chair.

"I like Harris Kirk's mind," he said at length. "It's a man's mind, without hesitations or compromises or evasions. It's the mind of a gentleman, but of a gentleman who is not afraid to walk where there are burrs. It must be great fun to see him in action. I'll wager he would contradict all the Solons assembled in solemn

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conclave. And yet there is a strange sweetness under all this vigor and strength.”

Brewster was walking now and had paused before a section of his library devoted to volumes dealing with history.

“Doctor Kirk would be very happy with these,” he said. “It isn’t simply that he knows the past. He lets it live itself over again right in his own mind, and then he calls for another performance—this time in his heart. Such a man can indeed build a bridge over which the past can walk to tell its story to the present.

“This book is about great Old Testament characters. You begin with Jacob and you end with Job, and you have Moses and Jeremiah and Ezekiel, and others in between. It is all astonishingly modern. That is because Doctor Kirk’s language is crisp and decided, with a sharp edge to every other phrase. That blade of his irony keeps you on the watch. You want to get it all but you do not want to be hurt. There is brilliant analysis and cogent reasoning and preaching which is triumphantly good and masterful. And there is the taste of life, and the taste of religion, and the taste of—oh, well—of something impalpable and eternal. The man who can read the Old Testament with Harris Elliott Kirk’s eyes and mind has made friends with it all over again.”

Brewster picked up Doctor Moffatt’s translation of the Old Testament, holding a volume in each hand. But just as he was about to speak I was called away.

## REMEMBERING AND CREATING

BEN MOORE was in one of his opulent and joyous moods. He was sitting comfortably in his chair opposite to me in the Pullman car. The train had pulled out of Chicago and our destination was southern California. Already we felt that the grim hostilities of winter were being left behind. We had been talking about the novel which I knew was lying with a sort of seminal splendor in my friend's mind. Now he passed on to more general considerations. "If you want to create, you ought to have a great deal to remember," he said, fusing his ideas into an epigram in his characteristic fashion.

"I should have supposed that if you want to imitate, you ought to have a great deal to remember," I tossed back in the same coin. Nothing rouses Ben like a little opposition.

"Not at all," my friend returned without a second's pause. "A man who has a life of his own never imitates. He assimilates material from everywhere and turns it to his own purposes. Take Alfred Noyes, a more distinguished poet than most of us realize. He has literally lived in the great English poetry of the past, and all the while you hear the most subtle, and delicate, and delicious echoes of the music of the masters and of the lovely sweet strains of smaller men. But all of it is caught up in the richness and the full flowing tide of his own inspiration."

The train was moving along very rapidly now. The crack salesman opposite to us was talking with a trav-

## REMEMBERING AND CREATING

eling companion about the use of brakes on all the four wheels of an automobile. The lady behind us was giving a vivacious account of a successful bridge party.

Ben caught the twinkle in my eye but he was not to be deviated from his theme.

"There are four stages in a man's mastery of the past," he declared, assuming a mockingly academic tone. "The first is when he makes a mental map of the past, getting the big events properly placed in the centuries where they belong. The second is when he reads great biographies and places all this fascinating material in its proper background. The third is when he studies the general history of culture. The fourth is when he gets into the history of particular departments; religion, science, art, literature, and commerce, putting each of these at last in its larger setting. Then, after he has spent many an hour of brooding meditation, moving happily about in the midst of all this riches, he is ready to begin to create—"

"A novel!" I interrupted, laughing.

"Why not?" said Ben. "Should a novel be merely a vast imaginative exploitation of the author's ignorance? The most homely character is seen with a new ripe wisdom against the great background. The writer need not talk about it or obtrude it. But it is there all the while. And the picture is clearer and surer because of it."

"You remind me of a notable book I am now reading by Florence Melian Stawell and F. S. Marvin. Its title is *The Making of the Western Mind* (Doran, 1923). I have discovered that it is a good book for a preacher. You make me feel that it will be a good book for a novelist."

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The train was moving swiftly over the prairies. My friend looked out eagerly over the vast white expanse.

“All of us together are making the Western mind,” he said, “and I’ll stand by my thesis. It is only by remembering that we will learn how to create.”

## PERSUASIVENESS OF A FRIENDLY MIND

CLAYTON NEWLANDS was moving about in my study the other night. He drew several books from the shelves and carried them over to a little table. One was almost fresh from the publisher. It was *The Making of a Personal Faith*. One bore the marks of age and use. It was *A Man's Religion*. Then there were the Yale Lectures, *Good Ministers of Jesus Christ*, the little book *This Mind*, and another, *In the School of Christ*. All of them were written by Bishop William Fraser McDowell. "I've read every one of them," said Clayton Newlands. "I heard Bishop McDowell—Doctor McDowell then—make one of his strangely appealing addresses to a group of university students a quarter of a century ago. I cannot tell by just what secret that voice worked its way into my heart. But ever since, I have read the printed words which have come from the pen of this man. And he has a place all his own in the development of my spiritual life."

Newlands walked about the room, as he talked reminiscently. "I was needing a quick and rousing bit of stimulus when the Cole Lectures, *In the School of Christ*, reached me. And very quickly this volume carried the school of which Jesus was the great teacher by the shores of Galilee to the heart of the city where I was teaching. The figure became more simply human and joyously powerful. I found the Master all over again as I read these pages."

The fire was burning low, and with easy familiarity Newlands pushed together bits of log, which began to flash into flame.

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"I had been made very unhappy by some crass and ugly people whose practice of religion set all my nerves on edge, when I found *A Man's Religion*. I cannot tell you the curious way in which it soothed me. It seemed to say in all its assumption and in all its phrases—though never by direct utterance—that by his very genius the Christian is a gentleman. There was wonderful and gracious urbanity and in it all, the Man who went to the cross was claiming his own place of lordship.

"I was wanting some young people to decide their life-work in an atmosphere of high and serious understanding when *This Mind* was published. And it was a joy to see fine young eyes flash in response to its challenge."

My friend threw himself in a chair, and held the volume, *Good Ministers of Jesus Christ*, in his hand as he continued.

"I dropped into Yale to hear these lectures. One felt as if a man whose relation to Phillips Brooks was that of Elisha to Elijah had come to deliver them. I like to think of the statues of Brooks and his Master by Trinity Church as I read *Good Ministers of Jesus Christ*."

Newlands now turned swiftly toward me.

"And the heart of it all," he said, "is in the very title—much more in the contents—of the last book, *Making a Personal Faith*. That is the task and that is the opportunity. And how we want to bring all there is of us to the endeavor when we have read this book!"

Soon my friend had gone.

And as I rose to leave my study for the night I was saying softly to myself, "A personal faith."



## IT REALLY HAPPENED

"I WON'T have it," cried Ben Moore. The three of us were sitting in comfortable steamer chairs on the promenade deck of the *Mauretania*. Selton had been talking of a biography he had just been reading.

"It's all much more interesting because it really happened," he said with mischief in his eye as he looked at Moore, who has twenty novels to his credit.

"The truth you get in a novel is often more significant than the facts you get in a biography," declared Moore, after his first outburst. Then as if his epigram had given him much comfort, he looked serenely at the ocean, which a slow-bending movement of the great ship had just brought into clear view.

"However," he went on, "I've just read a biography which contains almost as much truth as a great novel"—this with an amused flicker in his eye as he looked at Selton.

"And what is this biography whose facts wear an air of veracity which almost suggests a work of the imagination?" I asked.

"It's the interpretation of the life of Wilberforce by one Mr. R. Coupland," said Ben Moore. "People literally live in it. The younger Pitt is there. No end of distinguished personages look in for a word or two. Great events go sweeping by. A grand passion moves to its mighty finale. And in it all Wilberforce, gentleman, man of the world, and saint, is seen, always full of human interest, always full of high passion, with the light from another world upon his face. It's as-

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toundingly well done. And the death knell of the slave trade rings out at last in a fashion you will never forget. The author knows his sources. But he sees his characters. And, best of all, the reader sees them too."

Selton was leaning forward and I noticed that he held his notebook in his hand.

"Have you read Sir James Marchant's *Life of Dr. John Clifford*?" I asked Moore, who is a novelist with a partiality for great Christians. He puckered up his forehead for a moment.

"Yes, I've read it," he said. "I picked it up in London last year. It's an almost perfect example of how a biography ought not to be written. I admit that the facts are there. It is the product of care and painstaking industry. If the reader has an imagination, he can put the bits together and make a noble picture. But the style is poor, the arrangement of the materials is poorer. Only because Doctor Clifford was so superb a man and so magnificent a leader does the book survive in spite of its author."

Selton pulled from the leather portfolio he always carries about Dr. Preserved Smith's *Erasmus*.

"Now here's a book," he said, "the source materials are all thoroughly documented. You move slowly and surely into the life of the time and the life of the man. There is none of the brilliancy which is a substitute for knowledge. When you have finished, a bit of the sixteenth century has really become your own."

Ben Moore was just pulling a fat book from within his steamer rug, when a very modern artist friend of his journeying back to the Latin Quarter stopped for a chat. And so biography made way for the art which is more interested in gargoyles than in cathedrals.

## WHY ARE WE HERE?

MARK HAPTON came into my study fairly tingling with vitality. "Good morning, my dear fountain of perpetual youth," I greeted him.

"Perpetual is a long word," he threw back as he dropped easily into a chair, "but, as a matter of fact, I have been reading a book which deals with the sources of permanent vitality."

He leaned forward a little and waited a moment before he went on.

"The book is Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's *One Increasing Purpose*. I began with Hutchinson, as did most people when *If Winter Comes* lifted its head above the horizon. Mark Sabre walked right into the place where I live. *This Freedom* did not get into my heart but it did tantalize my brain. The study of a home built upon efficiency and not upon love suggested many long thoughts."

Again Mark Hapton paused.

"And what about the *Increasing Purpose*?" I interrogated.

My friend smiled rather oddly.

"Of course its style is atrocious," he began. "Half the sentences get Saint Vitus' dance and go capering off over the pages. Clauses are tossed in the air like bright little balloons and never come down. Arms and legs of sentences are lying about everywhere with no visible connection with a body of any sort. It's all very terrible. But through it all Mr. Hutchinson gets things said. And sometimes an incandescent spiritual light

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shines upon a crooked sentence and transfigures it. I imagine we'll have to read him in spite of his style."

"And when we have read him," I queried, "what shall we find?"

"A good many things," replied Mark Hapton, tersely. "First, an absolute sincerity. Second, a great interest in people and a deep desire to understand them. And third, a glowing sense of spiritual values."

Ben Moore had come quietly into the room while we were talking and sat listening without a word. Now he looked up with a light in his eye.

"What a quest!" he said. "Simon Paris set out to find what his life meant. And at last he came to the place where he was ready to look up and speaking right out to the Master of life to declare, 'Oh, God, if you have anything to say to me, I am ready to listen.' No wonder things began to happen."

Mark Hapton said the last word before we turned to other themes. And this was the word.

"If you look for God in other people, you are sure to find a good deal of God in yourself."

## THE CHRISTIAN MASTERY OF THE NEW KNOWLEDGE

THE old campus was full of a quiet beauty always of a summer evening. And the festivities of commencement week brought a wealth of bright and charming color to the scene. It was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the class of my friend Brewster. I had dropped in for an engagement one evening of the busy week, and later in the evening the two of us walked in and out among the old campus trees when most of the students and old graduates and guests had journeyed off to the land of sleep. Brewster's mind was particularly keen that night.

"I had been reading Professor Thomson's *Outline of Science* before I came back to the old school," he said, "and had been thinking of the difference the last twenty-five years has made in our knowledge of the world and of the life of man."

He looked over toward one of the older buildings on the campus.

"Do you know," he said, "when I took scientific courses in Crofton Hall we were introduced to a very different universe from the one in which we live to-day? To be sure, we were on the way. We have been on the way ever since 1859. But the boys who were about this campus to-day are heirs of a knowledge we little suspected."

Only the sound of our steps broke the silence for a little while. Then Brewster went on:

"I turned from Professor Thomson's *Outline of*

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Science to Principal Jacks' little book, *A Living Universe*. Then I knew quite suddenly that this was the book for which I had been waiting. The head of Manchester College at Oxford always quickens my mind amazingly. This book did more for me than most of his penetrating and scintillating studies, for this book helped me to see that science has a soul as well as a body. His powerful sentences seemed to give me back the old wonder of religion set against a vaster and more stable background. Beauty and truth and goodness seemed in quite a new way to be at home in a universe which is alive. And I began to see that science is the great ally and not the great foe of all the invisible and precious things of the inner life."

Again there was a little period of silence. Then my friend carried on the thought which was evidently engrossing his mind.

"Just when I took the train coming back to the old school I had in my bag Marshall Dawson's *Nineteenth Century Evolution and After*. It threw a veritable flood of light upon many things. The analysis of degeneration as a part of the evolutionary process gave me a new point of departure. Evolution is not automatic after all. There is a place for choice. There are two movements. And we have something to do with determining the winner. All the sanctions which a mechanical and automatic view of progress had seemed to discredit came to their own again. I remembered how Prince Kropatkin's *Mutual Aid* had done the same thing for me in another way in another day. And just then the big idea came to me. I suppose I had thought of it before, but now it became a veritable spiritual experience. All of this new knowl-

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edge can be mastered and interpreted by the Christian religion. As the prophets and psalmists incorporated the knowledge of their day, so we may bend the whole body of scientific knowledge in our day to Christian uses. When we use the thought forces of our time for the kingdom of God we will bring in a new era."

My mind was full of many things as I listened. I was thinking of Henry Drummond and Lyman Abbott and of many other thinkers and their work. But I knew that it was something more searching and adequate and victoriously spiritual in its glow of feeling of which Brewster was thinking. As I went to my room a little later I was saying over to myself the phrase "the Christian mastery of the new knowledge."

## JERUSALEM AND ATHENS AND NEW YORK

WE were walking across the old New York and Brooklyn suspension bridge together one crisp spring evening. The buildings of Manhattan with their star-like windows gleamed against the west. My friend Brewster was in one of those moods of tingling vitality when all that is required of a friend is an appreciative silence, punctuated with monosyllables just to prove that he is there.

"It's a queer thing we are doing," he said, "in letting Dr. John Kelman, after all too brief a pastorate in a great church, get out of the United States of America and back to the Old World."

We stood for a moment watching a brightly lighted boat as it moved under the bridge. Then my friend went on.

"This old town needs Doctor Kelman far and away more than it knows. It is not every man who can bring fifth-century Athens within hailing distance of twentieth-century Gotham."

"When Matthew Arnold died, someone said, 'There goes our last Greek,' " I interjected.

"Not the last. Nor one of the last thousand," stoutly replied Brewster. "Still, I admit that the preachers who would feel at home in ancient Athens are all too few. And Doctor Kelman is one of the most mature, and one of the most assured in his understanding of the spirit of Hellas of the little group which remains in the English-speaking world. New York has no other man just like him."



## JERUSALEM AND ATHENS AND NEW YORK

"Have you been reading his William Belden Noble Lectures at Harvard?" I inquired.

"That is just what I have been doing," replied Brewster, and he pulled out of a capacious pocket of his loose coat a copy of *Prophets of Yesterday and Their Message for To-day*.

"What an Hegelian he is!" said my friend, as he held the book in his hand and looked beyond it out toward the river, the bay, and the sea. "The Hebrew spirit is the thesis, the Greek spirit is the antithesis, and the Christian spirit is the synthesis. And in the nineteenth century Carlyle is the Hebrew, Matthew Arnold is the Greek, and Robert Browning is the Christian."

"Do you believe that Jerusalem and Athens can be combined to make a greater city?" I asked.

There was a curious light in the eyes of my friend as he said:

"When you get that combination you will have the City of God."

We walked along slowly. After a little silence Brewster spoke again:

"What a town New York is—alive in every nerve center, full of energy and vigor and skill! But in spite of certain elements in its population, it has forgotten Jerusalem, and it has never learned the meaning of Athens. For a few years a great preacher has stood at the heart of it who knew a secret which the island city sorely needed. As he goes away I am glad that he leaves behind a book of gracious and luminous writing in which he tells the secret to the man who cares to read."

But now we were over the bridge and we hurried into the subway to meet an uptown engagement.

## THE GOOD OLD ENGLISH SPEECH

CLAYTON NEWLANDS was sitting in my study the other night. He is a wonderfully attractive lad and I like to hear him talk. I call him a lad though he is over thirty-five years of age, and after graduating from a Middle Western college received his Doctor's degree from Harvard and then did two years of further graduate work at Oxford. English is his department, and the eighteenth century is the period he knows the best. He is a kindling and effective teacher, and has a persistent habit of sermon tasting on Sundays.

"I've listened to ten different preachers in the last four weeks," declared Newlands, as he leaned back comfortably in his chair and gazed into the fire. There was a curious silence with a sense of seminal criticism in it. Newlands was frowning a little as at length he went on.

"They were energetic, well-made chaps—those ten preachers. They had ideas. And they spoke with a certain unhesitating sincerity. But nine out of the ten used the English tongue in a fashion which set a man's teeth on edge."

"I suppose a teacher of English has sensitive teeth," I ventured.

"The English language doesn't belong to the teachers of English," my friend threw back. "It's a great inheritance which has come to all of us. And preachers least of all have the right to waste their treasures of noble words in riotous speech."

## THE GOOD OLD ENGLISH SPEECH

Newlands turned to me almost fiercely :

“Do you know, some of these men actually broke the simplest laws of grammar. Most of them twisted their sentences into such weird and awful forms that one listened in bewilderment. And only one of them spoke in such a way that the echoes of the great old English writing played like an exquisite undertone through all his speech. Four of them spoke as if the English language had been invented yesterday, and they spoke as if it had been invented by a boor.”

I waited until the air seemed a little free, making a cool and quiet silence after this quick explosion. Then I asked :

“What can we do about it?”

Newlands settled more easily in his chair.

“It isn't such a hard matter after all. These men must read. And they must read with an eye for the strength and harmony of the speech as well as for the pith and meat of the meaning. If they began by committing to memory great passages from the King James version of the Bible, it would be a good start. They ought to read Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* over and over again until the straight, sound vigor of its speech gets into their blood. They ought to read Swift and Addison for the cutting energy and the gracious urbanity of the eighteenth century. They ought to read Lamb and Hazlitt for the mellow charm and the ample dignity of the early nineteenth century. They ought to read contemporary American essayists like Agnes Repplier and Professor Stuart P. Sherman.”

I was smiling a little as my friend named these writers.

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"I have your prescription," I interrupted,

"An essay a day  
Will——"

"Don't make a bad rime," said Newlands, in disgust. Then he brightened as he added, "But, after all, it isn't a bad prescription."

## MAKING A MENTAL ENVIRONMENT

"THAT man needs a new environment," declared my friend Selton.

"Why not give his mind a new environment?" asked Brewster.

The three of us were sitting by the fire in Brewster's library. I scented a verbal battle between the two and leaned back in my easy leather chair to enjoy the fray.

Selton was going on with a kind of keen hostility in his eye. "What can you expect of a man who lives where that fellow lives, and eats what he eats, and meets the people he meets? Everything is in process of conspiring against him. His environment is coming in on him and it is going to crush him at last."

"Don't mix your metaphors," smiled Brewster, "and I repeat, 'Why don't you give his mind a new environment?'"

"How are you going to do it?" asked Selton with a good deal of scorn in his tone.

"Why, by means of books, of course," said Brewster. "Perhaps the best thing about a good book is just that it enables you to escape a bad environment. The chap you are talking about could turn his attic into a spacious hall if he took a few good books into it. You always have to make a new environment for the mind before you make a new environment for the body. And the secret of a great environment is the reading of a great book. The victories of the Bible have been won just because it has created a new en-

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vironment in the minds of the men and women who have really made it their companion."

"Then you would leave a man in the slums and apply a salve to your conscience by passing him a book to keep his soul alive," said Selton, his words edged with hard irony.

Brewster did not seem in the slightest degree disturbed. "By no means," he replied. "But I would rescue his mind while I was fighting his bad material surroundings. And I would remember that saving a man's body from the slums is not so satisfactory an achievement, after all, if he still possesses the slum mind."

We sat silent for a moment. Brewster held in his hand one of those amazing volumes of ripe and brilliant criticism by Paul Elmer More, the third of that varied and kindling and understanding series called the *Shelburne Essays*.

"Suppose you take one of our crude and raw youths who is a wonderfully effective exhibit of how little a lad can know who is yet able to hold the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Let him read the *Shelburne Essays*, volume after volume. He may be a busy young business man. He may be a preacher who is strong on church organization and weak on that body of knowledge which enfranchises the human spirit. In the most astonishing way his mind will expand. His whole feeling about life will have a new quality of rich and understanding sympathy. He will receive from the treasury of the past that gold which he is to put forth in the currency of to-day. The new environment of his mind will give a quality of understanding and apprehension to all his thinking which it never possessed

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before. The library is the real citadel of civilization. The man with a book can defy his surroundings."

"I would like to see him change them," declared Selton.

"He can do both," replied Brewster.

And there the discussion ended for the day.

## BOOKS AS TOOLS AND BOOKS AS FRIENDS

My friend Selton is an intellectual master mechanic. And he regards all his books as tools. They are brightly polished. Their edge is keen. They are the hammers and the saws and the planes of his mind. He uses them with much skill. But he does not love them. And sometimes I wonder if he really knows them.

My friend Brewster is a keen man of affairs whose efficiency is all shot through with bright gleams of poetry and sudden flashes of feeling. He analyzes everything very thoroughly, but in the end he sets a match to every idea to see if it will burn without being consumed. He begins by thinking his way through things. He is never contented until he has felt his way through them. His books are his friends. And he could say "Brother Book" as Saint Francis said "Brother Sun" and felt the trees and the flowers to be members of a fraternity of which he was one.

Selton makes facts into bullets and he shoots them forth from the musket of his mind with deadly effect. Brewster turns facts into electric currents which set going no end of useful and productive activity. And these currents have something which does not belong to electricity. They have a curious secret of vitality. They are alive. They give something more than power. They give life blood to an enterprise.

The other day I found Brewster reading that fine and understanding book by Mr. F. S. Marvin, *The Century of Hope*. And beside it on his desk lay the other volume by the same author, *The Living Past*. His eyes



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were bright and the sense of mental relish was in his voice when he spoke.

“Here are two books worth many a reading. That brooding thought with an adequate preparation of scholarly investigation behind it which is the very spirit of Oxford at its best has entered into these volumes. In *The Living Past* you take a view of the whole human story. In *The Century of Hope* you pay a visit to the nineteenth century. And if you take your mind and your imagination with you, what an experience it is! You come back with a new feeling of what it means to live with the whole past alive in your blood, keen in your mind, and warm in your heart. The most astonishing spectacle which civilization offers is a man who tries to live an effective life and at the same time ignores the experience of the past. In Marvin’s books the human story becomes articulate. In books like his you may make friends with the ages.”

I went away that afternoon with the phrase “making friends with the ages” ringing in my mind. And I felt that I had a new clue to my friend’s love for his books.

## INTELLECTUAL HOSPITALITY

HENRY DOBSON sat down beside me on the afternoon train from Boston to Detroit. He had come back from his own section in the car in front. Dobson is a man of business who manages to be in a very fine sense a person of erudition as well as a master of financial operations.

"We're looking up," he began.

"Meaning Wall Street?" I queried.

"No, neither Wall Street nor Main Street is in my mind at the moment," laughed my friend. "As a matter of fact, I mean University Avenue."

"And what has been happening among the trees along the broad street which goes by the campus?" I asked.

"No doubt many things which I do not know," replied Dobson, "but one thing which particularly interests me. Philosophy has been talking in a language which a business man can understand. A week ago I loaned Professor George F. W. Patrick's book, *The World and Its Meaning*, to one of the men in our office. Yesterday he brought it back to me and said with a grin, 'At last you have loaned me a book which talks my language.' It's quite astonishing to see the fashion in which Professor Patrick puts the most baffling and complex things in a straight human way which a keen man of affairs who is not a doctor of philosophy can easily and happily grasp."

"You would like to change Plato's dictum about philosophers who were kings and kings who were philosophers and make it read business men who are meta-

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physicians and metaphysicians who are business men?" I asked with a tiny touch of malice.

"Well, not quite so terrible a thing as that," said Dobson. "But I would like men of affairs to be men of disciplined ideas. And such a book as Patrick's helps immensely."

We looked out at some of the buildings of Wellesley College as the train rushed by. Then my friend continued.

"*The World and Its Meaning* is a book of rather extraordinary mental hospitality. The author reviews pretty much every contemporary and historical position, and you feel all the while that he is making a really sympathetic attempt to see what can be said for it before he goes on to what can be said against it. It is especially true that the contemporary philosophic mind has scarcely been reflected in a more friendly mirror. He knows how to point out weaknesses too. And at times a criticism is like a sword thrust of light. But all the while you feel that he is taking great pains to understand truly and to interpret fairly. A man who reads the book will have a new appreciation of the value of an open mind."

"What parts of the book did you like best?" I inquired.

"That is hard to say," said Dobson. "But for one thing I wish every college student and every preacher could read the chapters dealing with evolution and with science."

When my friend went forward to his own car, I found myself thinking still of the saving qualities of the open mind.

## THE MUSIC OF WORDS

THE two of us strolling through the gardens of the Palais Royal. The fountain was playing with a bright, gay beauty, turning the rays of the morning sun into gems of condensed and glowing light. Paris was full of its own baffling, impalpable allurements, and the gardens just enough away from the lines of chattering tourists to give France itself an opportunity to speak, and the ghosts of other days the chance to take an airing. I was thinking of seventeenth-century France and its great figures when my friend Clement Drayton began to speak.

"So many preachers—" he had said, when I interrupted.

"Now comes one of your devastating generalizations," I protested, "and why pick on the ministry?"

Drayton laughed good-naturedly. "Just wait until you hear what I have to say before you begin to file exceptions," he observed, "and then I do not believe the exceptions will be filed."

"All right. Come on. Demolish the ministry with a well-turned phrase," I conceded in mock submission. "So many preachers," continued Drayton, "are contented to know the meaning of words without ever learning to understand the music of words."

I hurried to seize my opportunity.

"I've known a good many preachers who played with the music of words without ever understanding their meaning."

Drayton's eyes were full of ironic light.

"Now who's attacking the ministry?" he asked. And

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without waiting for a reply he went on, merry satire still twinkling in his eyes. "My friend Gilbert Chesterton is bad for you. He has taught you to invert other people's sentences and then to imagine that you've said something."

While I was recovering, my friend, watching the fountain as he talked, pursued his main theme.

"The preacher who knows how to combine ideas and music in his public speech has a power all his own. The music of a singing phrase will carry an idea over far distances."

The gardens of the Palais Royal were all the while speaking to me of the grace and urbanity of spacious and courtly days. It was easy to fall in with my friend's mood.

"I'll grant that a preacher with a cadence at pleasure can go forth and conquer a congregation," I admitted. Drayton made a grimace at my poor paraphrase of the Irish poet's lovely line, but I went on unheeding. "Of course there's danger as well as opportunity. The music may give wings to the wrong idea. But granting your principle, where's the preacher going to get the music?"

Drayton had just come over from England. He pulled a little book out of his pocket, and handed it to me. It was an anthology entitled *The New Spirit in Verse*, compiled and edited by Ernest Guy Pertwee.

"Those poems made me think of it all," said Drayton. "These English singers have a happy gift of sheer music. Take this bit from Leslie M. Priest:

"Ian Stenner played his violin,  
An old silk scarf beneath his chin:

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Broke into vision his white strings,  
Faded the earth and earthly things:  
The moment gleamed eternal, free  
Of time and tide and destiny.  
The milky lamplight rayed and fell  
Upon his face immutable—

The brooding eyes, the quiet lips,  
The rapid, certain finger-tips,  
The glimmering bow, the arm's unrest;  
The radiance on the fiddle's breast.  
Gone was the room; the night sky  
Whispered with star-feet drifting by—  
Not drifting! Caught within his strings  
Stood with the moment moveless things."<sup>1</sup>

Or take this from William Kean Seymour:

"Cortez one night trod The deck alone: In the high heaven A great moon shone.	"With questing gaze That captain dreamed. While the gold pathway Shook and gleamed.
"The golden fruit Of the vast tree, Whose blue, still branches Drank the sea.	"But to his gaze, Hungry and tense, Burned not that broad Magnificence?" <sup>2</sup>

"When you read such things over and over and commit them to memory, the lilt of them gets into your blood. And if you do that sort of thing enough, your own sentences begin to have a new and quiet rhythm. It's not a bad thing even for an argument at last to turn into a song."

"Especially if it is a preacher's argument," I admitted. Then we walked quietly about the gardens, and sweet music of other days seemed to sound in our ears.

<sup>1</sup> From *The New Spirit in English Verse*. Reprinted by permission of E. P. Dutton & Company.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

## THE MIND OF A CHILD

I WAS sitting very comfortably beside Mark Hapton in his big automobile. He had his hand on the wheel and the machine was moving along with easy, almost noiseless, power. At a town one hundred miles away we were to pick up the two other members of our party. Then we were to have a week of driving over marvelous roads through country which had its own secrets of gracious loveliness and now and then of striking beauty.

Now at the very beginning of our trip Mark Hapton was tingling with anticipation and ready to mix talk and silence in his happy fashion.

"I've just been reading Douglas Horton's fascinating little play, *A Legend of the Graal*," he began.

"I read it first in manuscript before the Pilgrim Press gave it a comfortable home inside pleasant covers, with clear type, and paper whose very quality and color make you want to read the play," I replied.

"The night before Easter I read it to my two children," Mark went on. "They kept coming near to me as I read, and you ought to have seen their eyes when the cup began to blaze and glow. Douglas Horton knows how to find his way into the minds of children."

My friend confined his attention to the wheel for a few moments as we came to a difficult bit of road. Then as we came out on a long clear stretch he pressed the accelerator a bit and as the big machine responded, he went on:

"It's very sad to me—the way in which grown-ups

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lose the trails back to the mind of the child. Children must be very lonely sometimes. I go back to *Alice in Wonderland*, and Grimm's *Fairy Tales*, and no end of books which children have loved, just to travel in roads with which their minds have been familiar. I want to increase my vocabulary. But it's too big a price you pay for an adjective or a noun or a verb if it gets between you and the mind of a child you love."

"Was it Nathaniel Hawthorne who once said, 'Children can understand anything but hypocrisy?'" I asked.

Mark smiled.

"What I have found is that they can understand the concrete but are likely to have difficulty with the abstract. Whenever my children can make a picture of the thing I am talking about they are interested. Whenever it is an idea of which they cannot make a mental picture they find it dull. I think you can apply that test to the best children's books in the world."

"There's another test they will meet," I replied, "and that is this: You never outgrow them."

In the cool, clear evening we drove on in silence now. And as the stars came out they seemed to me like children's eager eyes. My friend at the wheel, I knew, was thinking of his own boy and girl, and all the fashion in which he lives their growing life with them.



## THINKING THINGS THROUGH

A WEEK-END with my friend Brewster in his summer cottage by a certain lovely lake is always a happy experience. So it was with a certain bright expectancy that I followed my bag up to the jolly little room through which breezes cooled by the water were blowing. When I went down to dinner I found just Collins, the keen professor whose study of divinity had only deepened his study of humanity, waiting in the big living room with my host. It was good to sit with the two at the table in the dining room open on two sides to all the out of doors. And before long we were in easy chairs on the big porch overlooking the lake.

Collins was the first to speak. "What an enterprise it is to think!" he began.

Brewster interrupted him with a chuckle.

"Do you remember Bishop Luccock's characterization?—'Some people never think. When they think they only rearrange their prejudices.'" Collins smiled but he was not to be diverted.

"I've been reading a book packed with genuine thinking," he said. "It is Professor Edgar Sheffield Brightman's *Introduction to Philosophy*. I don't know a better book for any young man who cares to try the wisdom teeth of his mind. And for a young preacher it is the very best sort of book."

Brewster looked up with interest. "Professor Brightman carries on the Borden P. Bowne tradition, does he not?" he asked.

Collins replied at once. "That he does. And very

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much more than that. He has a clear, keen, independent mind. He is incapable of being only a mirror of another mind, however brilliant that mind may be. He is a fully equipped philosophical scholar. He has sympathy for the points of view he does not accept. He moves with a certain fine urbanity through his discussions. But, best of all, he thinks. Clearly, cogently, and with a fine marshaling of the evidence, he moves toward his conclusions. The dull mind, and the hesitating mind, and the ineffective mind find sure medicine in such a book as this."

"You remember the great Greek who cried, 'Think! Athenians, think!' " said Brewster.

"One might put 'Americans' instead of 'Athenians,' " said Collins, "and if any bright chaps wanted to take the advice seriously, Professor Brightman would show them the way."

## THE SUPREMACY OF THE SPIRITUAL

THERE was a hint of spring in the air. One had a sense of life about to break forth triumphantly. But for all that the logs in the big old fireplace, with their low gleam of red and their occasional flashes of fire, were very friendly presences in the room where Brewster and Collins—a friend of his who was a professor of systematic theology in an Eastern school of divinity—sat talking. I ran in just as the discussion was becoming warm and stimulating.

“Professor Herbert Alden Youtz,” Brewster was saying, “is a real thinker. He is not afraid to lift his own flag. And he speaks right out with unhesitating frankness. His book *The Supremacy of the Spiritual* ought to clear the cobwebs out of a good many minds.”

Collins was holding the very book of which Brewster was speaking in his hand. Now he spoke in a slow, judicial fashion which was rather characteristic of him.

“In one way this sort of book is the best possible antidote to a good deal of contemporary poison. For that is hardly too strong a word to use regarding the mechanical and impersonal views of life of which we hear so much. Professor Youtz understands the meaning of personality. He works out the significance of the spiritual with brilliancy and resourcefulness and power. I like him as a philosopher. I am not sure that I like him so well as a theologian. I scarcely believe that the personality of Jesus can be confined in the limits which seem determining and defining for Professor Youtz.

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And I am not sure but we shall come to think of ethical and spiritual personality as the crown of the biological process rather than entirely as elements set sharply over against it. In other words," here Collins smiled a little deprecatory smile his friends knew well, "this book does not do everything for me. But it does some things to my entire and grateful satisfaction."

Brewster put a fresh log on the fire. Then he said, quietly, "When a man is using all his force to conserve the right things, I always feel that the advancing life and experiences of those with whom he works will supplement his interpretations where he is incomplete. Professor Youtz seems to be fighting for most of the things I care about."

Collins assented heartily. By this time I had secured the book under discussion. I carried it to a corner where there were a lamp and an easy chair and there gave myself to reading its stirring pages while my friends talked of many things.

III

AT THE SIGN OF THE MIND AT WORK



## ANALYZING OUR ASSUMPTIONS

THOSE extraordinary little books, *Daedalus*, by Mr. J. B. S. Haldane; *Icarus*, by Mr. Bertrand Russell; and *Tantalus*, by Dr. F. C. S. Schiller, give us a wonderfully stimulating—not to say alarming—view of the exploring mind in action. With science for one wing and imagination for another men may make astounding flights. And the touch of flippancy in Mr. Haldane's tiny brochure, the characteristic and temperamental pessimism of Mr. Russell's scientific tract for the times, and the consciously cool and superior intelligence with which Doctor Schiller applies diagnosis and prescription do not blind us to the genuine significance of these essays. Life is fluid in a sense which has been unknown before. And there is no more fascinating task than that of attempting to anticipate the permanent forms into which this fluid mass will harden, or, if there are to be no permanent forms, what the nature of the future manifestations of the fluid itself will be.

The temper of the time and, indeed, the characteristic activities of the mind in every realm lend themselves to fresh appraisals and to the sort of criticism which, whether constructive or destructive, at least throws a flood of light upon every subject which it touches. The thinker with a shrewd eye and a clear mind is likely to take advantage of such a situation to set his own house in order. The tide lifts all the boats. And if the tide is an astonishingly candid criticism, by all means let us take advantage of it. To be sure, the tide which lifts

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the boats will not lift the mountains, but even so we must acknowledge that tides do affect the mountains which jut into the sea.

There is one aspect of our mental life which just now stands in particular need of close and unhesitating scrutiny. This has to do with the assumptions which we make so confidently and often so carelessly. These assumptions all appear in tremendously effective form in our conclusions. And the clear, sure movement of our dialectic does not help us very much if the assumptions upon which the process of reasoning is based are unstable and unsound. The man who has come to terms with his assumptions and knows that he can depend upon them is thrice armed for thinking and for living and for action in every possible arena of conflict.

Obviously, the subject is too large for a brief discussion, but a few suggestions may be made within the compass of such a monograph as this which may indicate fertile fields for investigation. There are at least four regions, it would seem very clear, where our assumptions should meet the test of the most insistent scrutiny and analysis. They have to do with our assumptions in respect of God, our assumptions in respect of science, our assumptions in respect of man, and our assumptions in respect of society.

### I. OUR ASSUMPTIONS REGARDING GOD

There is a startling and cutting passage in the autobiographic memoirs of Frederic Harrison in which he is discussing the effect of the personal practice of the religious life. "The habit of confessing sin to a perfect Being"—so runs the comment of the brilliant and daring Positivist—"relaxes, I think, instead of



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strengthening the moral sense and the energy of conscience—the sense of absolution by the blessed blood of a Redeemer is luxurious but enervating, and the idea of being a constant receptacle of the Holy Ghost inclines to egoism and spiritual vanity.”<sup>1</sup> The deep and reverent believer who reads these words is likely at first to feel as if his breath has been taken away and then to feel a rising sense of anger at what he will be inclined to call their obvious injustice. Has not the God whose face he sees in the face of Jesus Christ been the haunting and persistent conscience which has pursued him all the years? Is it not his conception of the sternly glowing righteousness which dwells at the heart of the love of God which has driven him forth to embark on dangerous quests, which has made complacency and sloth impossible, which has been the inspiration of his conscience and the standard by which he has been forced to judge his actions? Is it not the consciousness of God which gives a tragic splendor to religion, which causes it to repel while it allures, repelling by its stern austerity even while it allures by its compassionate and winsome beauty? How, then, shall we think of the man of religion as a lotus eater falling into a delicious but dangerous enjoyment of moral and spiritual slumber?

There is much truth in such a protest. Yet it does not quite relieve us from the necessity of a closer inspection of Frederic Harrison’s head-on attack. While it is true that Puritanism has given to the religion of the English-speaking world a certain ethical fiber for which we have scarcely been grateful enough, while it

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<sup>1</sup> *Autobiographic Memoirs*. Frederic Harrison, p. 41. Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

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is true that a God with a conscience moves through the great highways of modern religious thought, it is also true that it is possible to worship a God made in the image of our desires, a God through whom we escape moral obligation at the very hour when we should confront its demands. It is all a subtle matter. You do not have to deny anything. You only have to shift your emphasis. The truth which you ignore loses all power over you, and so by a little manipulation you can create a Deity who never opposes your favorite prejudices and who never rebukes your darling sins. The peril of approaching God through the taste rather than the conscience lies just in the fact that the sense of moral demand may be lost in the sense of spiritual loveliness. To keep the conscience alive in a cathedral is a glorious achievement. Was it Professor A. B. Davidson who said that the central achievement of the Hebrew prophets was just the pronouncing of the word righteousness? At least it was of the prophets that Principal Sir George Adam Smith, Professor Davidson's brilliant pupil, was thinking when he said that the Old Testament gives conscience new ears and new eyes. And to the close and understanding reader the conscience of the New Testament is even more searching than that of the Old. Every time Jesus changes a concrete command into a fundamental principle he places us more securely in the power of an all-embracing conscience. Like the ring of the carpenter's hammer his "But I say unto you" sounds forth, and he is always driving home some moral insight which is to have its share in holding together the great structure of life which he is rearing. If we take the great sanctions of the Old and New Testaments as creative principles

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to be applied dauntlessly to-day, we shall not find the religious life a life of moral lethargy. Rather the God in whom these principles live will be a fire consuming evil and leaving the pure and golden values shining and strong. But we cannot deny that the moral experience of the presence of God is a great and difficult achievement. At any moment a soft and evasive thought of the nature of God's moral life may enter our minds and poison the most sacred relationship of our lives. And whenever we cease to think worthily of God there arises a situation where Frederic Harrison's caustic criticism becomes pertinent. Samuel Butler's picture of a Christian home in *The Way of All Flesh* may be a caricature. But it has a meaning which may be pondered by every earnest Christian. Our subtle and evasive and scarcely conscious thoughts of God come into clear light in our human behavior. We must perpetually test them by the insight and the life of Jesus.

### II. OUR ASSUMPTIONS REGARDING SCIENCE

We are all indebted to Mr. F. S. Marvin not only for the seminal little books *The Living Past* and *The Century of Hope*, but particularly for the work which he has done as editor of that succession of volumes of brilliantly buttressed generalization about all matters having to do with the history of man's adventure on this planet which we know as the "Unity Series." Mr. Julian S. Huxley has contributed to the volume *Science and Civilization* an able monograph entitled "Science and Religion." Toward the end of this discussion we find these sentences: "If you have followed me, you will agree that it is impossible for me and those that think like me to believe in God as a person, a ruler, to

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continue to speak of God as a spiritual Being in the ordinary way. Consequently, although the value of prayer persists insofar as it is meditative and a self-purification of the mind, yet its commonly accepted petitive value must fall to the ground; so must all idea of miracle and of direct inspiration; so must all that is involved in the ordinary materialist ideas of ritual, self-denial and worship as merely propitiation or 'acceptable incense'; so must all externally projected parts of the ideas concerning the ordaining of special priests; so must all notion of one having a complete peculiar or absolute knowledge of God, or of there being a divinely appointed rule of conduct or a divinely revealed belief."<sup>1</sup> In spite of a certain looseness of construction and a failure to make distinctions long familiar to clear and disciplined religious thought, Mr. Huxley's general position is not hard to grasp. And it must be conceded that insofar as he would cast out the worship which is magic, and the theology which claims a mechanical and ultimate completeness, most of us are with him. But he also claims a precise insight which leads him to declare that science makes it impossible to think of God as a personal, ethical spirit, and so, of course, that it is impossible for us to have definite even if incomplete knowledge of his will. That men have often spoken of the infinite God with too easy and complacent an assurance we would readily admit. That there has been a strange failure to understand the limitations of the finite mind and the vastness of the unexplored in the life of God, we would also readily concede. John Richard Green said what needs to be said at this

<sup>1</sup> *Science and Civilization*, p. 324. Reprinted by permission of Oxford University Press.

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point clearly enough years ago in his *Short History of the English People* in a discussion of Milton and "Paradise Lost." "His touch is always sure. Whether he passes from heaven to hell, or from the council hall of Satan to the sweet conference of Adam and Eve, his tread is steady and unfaltering. But if the power expresses the higher qualities of the Puritan temper, it expresses no less exactly its defects. Throughout it we feel almost painfully a want of the finer and subtler sympathies, of a large and genial humanity, of a sense of spiritual mystery. Dealing, as Milton does, with subjects the most awful and mysterious that poet ever chose, he is never troubled by the obstinate questionings of invisible things which haunted the imagination of Shakespeare. We look in vain for any Æschylean background of the vast unknown. 'Man's disobedience' and the scheme for man's redemption are laid down as clearly and with just as little mystery as in a Puritan discourse."<sup>1</sup> No doubt there is an easy and almost complacent familiarity with details of the Life which is before all other life which understanding men of letters, clear thinking men of science, and reverent men of religion more and more tend to avoid. But the deeper question remains, Does science make it impossible to think of God as a personal, ethical Spirit whom we can know dependably if not completely through fellowship with Jesus Christ?

And this leads us to certain assumptions regarding the nature of science which almost uninspected by the critical mind have polarized our thought regarding

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<sup>1</sup> *A Short History of the English People*, John Richard Green, p. 603. Reprinted by permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.

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these great matters. The sciences and science itself as their sum and completion have to do with a classification of all the uniformities to be found in the physical and biological realms. And by a curious movement of men's minds it has been assumed that if once you knew these uniformities completely there would be nothing else to know. Of course, if this were true, it would be difficult to escape from Professor Huxley's conclusion. But, as a matter of fact, such a view in the strangest and most unexplainable fashion fails to consider a most important line of evidence. And this has to do with the whole history of scientific discovery and classification. It builds up a view based on the objective results of scientific activity and quite fails to consider what is involved in that activity. So it comes at last to be a philosophy of science with the *scientist left out*.

Our claim, then, must come to this: Any assumptions regarding science must be such as to include the free and discovering activity of the scientist in the whole history of science. When once this is seen we are ready for an insight which, put boldly, may be expressed thus: What the scientist is to the history of science God is to the universe. In other words, science itself reveals in the scientist a free and capable personality moving masterfully among the physical and biological uniformities of existence. Any view which makes room for the free mental activity of the scientist in discovery and classification has enlarged its areas sufficiently to include the essential principle involved in the existence of God. When Mr. Huxley says, "It is impossible for me and those that think like me to believe," he is assuming for himself and his colleagues

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in scientific thought the very free movement of mind in critical activity which is the essential matter in dispute. As long as you can have a scientist who asserts and denies, discovers and classifies, you have free personality unmastered by the physical uniformities in the world. Once in this free and spiritual realm the step to a belief in a God who is personal and ethical Spirit is not only natural but when we think clearly and fully it is inevitable. As long as we can have the scientist as a creative critical spirit we can have no valid objection to a belief in God as the perfect and infinite expression of the principle which comes to light in the activities of the scientist. The history of science as an activity of free and critical and creative personalities is a great and final resource as to the argument regarding the possibility of concluding from the position of science itself that free personality exists in the universe. When we assume that science is only a synopsis of the existing uniformities of the universe we ignore the history of science itself.

### III. OUR ASSUMPTIONS REGARDING MAN

In that volume which perhaps comes nearer to self-revelation than anything else which he ever wrote, *Notes on Life and Letters*, Joseph Conrad published a brief but effective discussion of Anatole France's *L'Île des Pengouins*. With his own bright, cool words he recounts the tale of the saint on the far-away island surrounded by great flocks of birds. "They were penguins; but the holy man, rendered deaf and purblind by his years, mistook excusably the multitude of silly, erect, and self-important birds for a human crowd. At once he began to preach to them the doctrine of sal-

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vation. Having finished his discourse he lost no time in administering to his interesting congregation the sacrament of baptism." "Ultimately the baptized penguins had to be turned into human beings." "At this point M. Anatole France is again a historian." "Tracing the development of their civilization, the absurdity of their desires, the pathos of their folly and the ridiculous littleness of their quarrels, his golden pen lightens by relevant but unpuritanical anecdotes the austerity of a work devoted to a subject so grave as the Polity of the Penguins."<sup>1</sup>

Obviously, the thing which fascinated Joseph Conrad about this bit of mordant writing was its delicate and yet terribly remorseless irony. A Swift with a more subtle and penetrating mockery than the eighteenth-century writer possessed is saying not that penguins can become human, but that humanity really consists of silly penguins.

The great temptation of contemporary thought is to think too poorly of human beings. That belief in the perfectability of human nature which Madame de Staël expressed with such social fascination in the days of the French Revolution and of Napoleon has gone with the Victorian optimism which with all its scientific vocabulary had so much in common with its happy forward look. Even Herbert Spencer has passed. And Freud has arrived.

Now, we are not denying that a great many Freudian principles are capable of noble and gracious use. We are not at the moment lifting the question of the proportion of truth and error in the Freudian psy-

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<sup>1</sup> *Notes on Life and Letters*, Joseph Conrad, p. 43. Doubleday, Page & Co., publishers.



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chology. We are suggesting that our contemporaries are so occupied with the thought of man's lowly origin that they have become less sure of his spiritual grandeur. The obsession of sex has clouded our sense of the significance of spirit. A biology careless of everything but matter and sensation, and a psychology which always interprets the higher in the terms of the lower, have left us in a fog through which it is difficult to make our way to the pure, clean stars. Confronting the demands of conscience the modern young man is likely to say: "The body I know, and sex I know. But who are you?" And so, moving out into the popular mind, a new series of assumptions regarding man have quickly made their way. He is not to be thought of as a fallen angel. He is to be thought of as a beast who is not even tempted to rise. Perhaps there is no more fundamental task before us than the recovery of a securely buttressed, carefully analyzed and noble view of human nature.

The truth is that we must escape from a dualism which in the last analysis must be admitted to be unethical. Saint Augustine, for all his failure to understand the quality of that which in later times would be called personality, never quite surrendered to Manichæanism during the days when he was influenced by it most. The dualism which had its rise in Persia through thinking of matter as essentially evil missed the real point of moral discrimination. It was natural for Saint Paul to see the flesh and the spirit as set over against each other when he was speaking in rhetorical fashion of intense and tragic aspects of experience. And it was wonderfully effective as a matter of graphic, biting speech. The fight of the higher and the lower

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is so real that any words full of the sense of the elements in the fight will be words of potency.

But when it comes to close analysis, of course, matter is not evil. And, to be sure, Saint Paul never went so far as to suggest that it is. Doubtless he would have rejected the thought with characteristic heat. Nor is the bodily organism evil. It is an evil mind which misuses the body. And then the body is a victim and not a tyrant. Its own laws cry out against the evil and bitterly punish it. The thought of the body as a monster is really a personifying of the instrument which a bad mind has turned to evil purposes. The world of thought is the world where moral battles are lost and won. You always do a thing in thought before you do it in any other way. Hands and feet are servants of thought. And if the thought is clean and high, the hands and feet will be about great and noble tasks. The body was made for high uses and only a mind debauched can turn it from them.

But the matter goes deeper. That thrust of vital energy which in a million fashions of amazing and brilliant expression is seen in the whole biological process is on the way to something. The evolutionary process is a journey. It has a destination. And that destination is a conscious mind with a moral ideal. The biological process is not the foe to moral goodness. It is on the way to moral goodness. Its whole story is the tale of the gradual elimination of the forms which refuse to march forward to that goal. And even in human life the process is fighting that which will not move forward in mental clarity and moral vigor. When a young man is battling for a clean life the whole of his biological history is fighting for him. He is

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not to think of that vast inheritance as a cumulative gust of passion coming to the overthrow of his inhibitions. He is to think of it as the building up of a life made for keen intelligence and moral vigor and spiritual power. When we begin to think of the evolutionary process as the friend and not the foe of intelligence and character all of our assumptions about man will be ennobled. It was in this sense that Dr. James Y. Simpson, professor of natural science at New College, Edinburgh, wrote of Jesus Christ as the crown of the process of evolution. It is in the light of such a view of evolution that we can think clearly and adequately of the nature of man. To put it all negatively, we cannot think of the Son of God taking the form of flesh if the history and the essence of the physical life contradict the nature of his character and his kingdom.

### IV. OUR ASSUMPTIONS REGARDING SOCIETY

Giovanni Papini, in one of those essays which Professor Ernest Hatch Wilkins has so happily translated under the title "Four and Twenty Minds," declares, "No one has ever met a concept on the street—though Hegel says that ideas have legs."<sup>1</sup> But, as a matter of fact, certain concepts have been very influential even if they have not worked out the practical problem of locomotion. They have lived in men's minds. And they have controlled the destiny of millions of people. The concept *Society* is one of the most potent of these general ideas. Like the Holy Roman Empire, whose cynical description by Voltaire is so familiar to us all,

<sup>1</sup>*Four and Twenty Minds*, p. 102. Reprinted by permission of Thomas Y. Crowell Company, publishers.

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society may not exist, but for it men have lived and for it men have died. Plato's *Republic*, Dante's *De Monarchia*, Hobbes' *Leviathan*—and how many other searching and powerful writings!—have created in the image of the author's mind a conception of society whose power to affect history is beyond computation. What we think of society, and especially what we assume about society, is, then, a matter of vast importance.

Now, it happens that a very curious conception regarding society has become prevalent in our own time. It is a conception which may be expressed in this fashion: It is possible to work out an ideal social fabric without paying much attention to the character of the individuals who make up the social organism. It is a conception which leads us to assume that if you look out for society, you can safely allow the individuals to look after themselves. Society is conceived as a sort of enormous superman who must be convicted of sin and led to repentance and a new life. When all this has been accomplished it is believed that the individuals—tiny corpuscles in the blood of this giant society—will all be full of health and vitality.

To be sure, there is no doubt at all that social sanctions bind the life of the individual in all sorts of ways. And it is true that every achievement in social reform gives a larger opportunity and a purer air to the individual. But we need to remember that there is no such a thing as a self-conscious unit called society. It is in the individual that you have all consciousness of social meanings. And reform—even social reform—is the achievement of individuals. The reader of the lively and fascinating account of Wilberforce by Mr. R.

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Coupland is reminded that the biography of one man tells most of the tale of the fight and the victory in the campaign against the slave trade. But even more important than this we must see that the most perfect social environment can never be a substitute for the personal choice of the individual. Society cannot assume the prerogatives of the personal life. It can give the individual a great opportunity. But if it attempts to make up his mind for him, it turns him from a person into a machine in just so far as it is effective. This does not mean that we should deny the propriety of social institutions. It simply means that they do not touch the realm where the deepest life of the individual is lived, even when he accepts them, until he gives them a deep and abiding personal allegiance.

In a way it seems that we must fight the battle between realism and nominalism all over again, using new terms, and speaking the language of a new experience. Whether we are thinking of Karl Marx's *Das Kapital* or the attempt to find a formula for a functioning society on the part of some brilliant contemporary sociologist we are all the while in danger of forgetting that the vote we must win is that of an individual, and that the social organism can have no beauty or nobility except as an association of free persons joyously choosing those things which build up the structure of life.

It is here one ventures to believe that evangelical piety has a contribution to make of the very profoundest significance, for it is evangelical piety which can give a soul to social reform, and can make commandingly personal those sanctions upon which the great society must be built. The appeal for personal heroism in recent writings of Principal L. P. Jacks, of Man-

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chester College, Oxford, to whom we all owe so much, is an indication that the necessity of building up personal fiber for the sake of the organic life of society is being understood outside circles which would call themselves evangelical. But for that matter Principal Jacks is often far more evangelical than he knows.

When all our assumptions about society are made in the light of a clear apprehension of the meaning of free and creative personality our social thinking will be transformed.

To be sure, all of this is a good deal like carrying off three or four leaves from the great tree Ygdrazel. But that is really all we have attempted. The re-appraisal of our assumptions is probably the most rewarding of the intellectual tasks which lie ready for our labor.

## THE MAKING OF THE PROPHET

THERE is a waning interest in things which can be done. Inevitably they suggest the period at the end of a sentence. They suggest completion, finality, death. The exhaustless elements in the human spirit call for tasks which cannot be accomplished. Every achievement leads on to another and so there is always the vista beyond, always the alluring summons of the future. The infinite elements in the human spirit are answered to by the infinite unfolding of the task. The contrast between Greek and Gothic art illustrates precisely what we mean. Greek art had astounding finish and completeness. It had the repose of an orderly and lovely finality. Its proper symbol is a circle. And the essential characteristic of a circle is just this: you cannot improve it; you cannot make it more perfect. But the human mind cannot rest in the gracious finality of a completeness which, after all, suggests that the human spirit has been exhausted by the very perfection of the lovely things which it has produced. And Gothic art expresses the deeper and more satisfying attitude. The Gothic cathedral does not suggest finality. It does not suggest completeness. It suggests deathless aspiration and perpetual and joyous and advancing endeavor. The spire is pointing to a perfection ever sought, ever pursued, and yet always beyond human reach. Everything about a Gothic cathedral suggests a constant achievement, always pointing onward to new triumphs yet to be achieved. Its proper symbol is the pointed arch, whose glory is an aspiration after that which is

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forever won and is forever revealing itself as the far and glorious object of a new quest. Only a flying goal can satisfy the passion for the infinite which dwells in the heart of man.

The splendor and the tragedy of the work of the prophet are just here. It is his glory that the windows of his life are perpetually open toward the infinite. The sense of moral and spiritual exhaustion which belongs to a task which comes to completion with nothing left beyond does not characterize the work of the prophet. He lives where time and eternity meet. And a strange light like that in the eyes of the Child in the Sistine Madonna is always gleaming in his eye. But the tragedy of his work lies in this. He is called to do the thing which cannot be done. He is called to achieve that which is beyond achievement. When he cries, "Give now to dogs and apes. Man has forever," he has definitely surrendered the possibility at any hour of sitting in satisfaction in the presence of a completed task. Indeed, the very nature of his work leaves him open to searching and devastating criticism. His standards are always impossible, yet he dare not relinquish them. His ideals are beyond achievement, yet he dare not surrender them. He unites the glory of a perpetual expectation with the tragedy of a perpetual sense of failure. You cannot try to lift the ocean without being cast torn and bleeding on the shores of the infinite sea. Yet if you persist in the endeavor you will understand at last that only a heart-breaking endeavor is great enough for the creature of whom it may be truly said that God has put eternity into his heart.

There is, then, no necessity at all for apology when



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a man who is describing the making of the prophet sets before the young men who listen an impossible ideal and calls them to the performance of an impossible task. In the very nature of the case this is just what he must do. And if he does not do it he fails conspicuously from the very beginning of his endeavor. There is no room for complacency at the spot where time meets eternity. And, on the other hand, there is no place for light and easy-minded carelessness. The prophet is not a man who fails to do anything because it is impossible for him to do everything. He accepts his task and fills each day with high endeavor. He is all the more effective as he meets the passing days because infinity itself has gotten into the demand which is made upon him.

We will begin with some matters which lie at the very foundation. The man who is to exercise the office of prophecy in our time should be first of all a technical scholar. He should be thoroughly trained in the methods of scientific research. He should know thoroughly well the difference between source materials and secondary authorities. And in some little spot somewhere he should be completely master of all the materials which lie at the basis of sound knowledge in the present state of investigation. This does not mean that he must be a great scholar. It requires a lifetime to meet that demand. It does mean that he is to be a sound and scientifically equipped man who would be at home in the most demanding sort of seminar anywhere. It is this achievement and the training which lies behind it which will save him from judgments not duly tested and opinions with no solid basis in fact. It will teach him how much more easy it is

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to be brilliant than to be careful and how tremendously important is the caution of the judicial mind. And it will give to his very speech qualities which will at once command the interest and the respect of trained scholars in every field. The man who wins the scholars must be a scholar himself. And it is only by being a scholar that a man becomes capable of being the most effective sort of pastor of men's minds.

The prophet may well choose as the subject he is to know the best an area in one of the fields having especially to do with his own ministry. He may become a sound New Testament scholar who has made his own the fundamental materials with regard to some aspect of New Testament scholarship. He may become a sound Old Testament scholar who knows completely the available materials regarding some period or author. He may be a scholar with a complete knowledge of some bit of the great field of church history or the history of doctrine. Or his own field may be in general history, or philosophy, or some other subject. The great matter is that he should be a definitely equipped scholar, as well as a man of moral and spiritual enthusiasm.

Then the prophet must be a man of erudition. His task is the interpretation of life. And the knowledge of a small part of some particular field with all the meticulous accuracy of the scholar's mind will not produce an interpreter. He must learn to see life steadily and to see it whole. He must learn to live where the departments meet and to appraise their returns as they come in. Even a preacher in a university town can have a message of interpretation for specialists in every department just because, while these men know

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more each about his own field than does the minister, the latter if he is a true man of erudition knows more about the relations of the departments to each other than does any man who spends his life in any one department. If one may use an illustration far from academic fields and one which may not be particularly attractive to the scholar, the prophet must be like the city editor of a great newspaper. Particular reporters and particular departmental writers send in materials from every conceivable field. But he takes all this material and appraises it and sees it as a total and finally sets forth the results in relation to his knowledge of the total situation in the whole city. There is probably no greater need in respect of the intellectual life of America to-day than the production of a larger number of men of erudition, if America is to be saved from the provincialism of the parochial mind. And it is essential to the work of the interpreter of life that he shall learn to live where the departments meet.

Much help and guidance in this matter may be received from the Shelburne Essays of Mr. Paul Elmer More. These eleven volumes constitute the ripest product of ample erudition which has come from an American pen. Indeed, there is only pardonable exaggeration in the saying that he is our American Sainte-Beuve. Mr. More was at one time a professor of Sanskrit. He knows the classic literature of India with the intimate understanding of a true scholar. He has the happiest sort of knowledge of Greek and Latin literature. And he is at home in every period of English literature besides having vital contacts with European thought and expression. And so in a wonderfully stimulating fashion he is able to see everything in

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the terms of everything else. His tracing out of the history of an idea, or even of a mood, about life is always a fascinating piece of mental and literary activity. There is a kind of intellectual perspective about the writings of Mr. More which is amply rewarding. One may disagree with him constantly, but his writing is of such a character that the very process of disagreement enlarges one's mind. And if one follows the close and intimate perusal of the eleven volumes of the Shelburne Essays by a reading of volume after volume of Sainte-Beuve, it is at least true that one begins to understand what erudition is.

Few men in our time have done more to make possible a securely based and yet comprehensive view of life than Mr. F. S. Marvin. With F. Melian Stawell he is the author of that extraordinary book, *The Making of the Western Mind*, in which all the constituent elements of our contemporary mental world pass in survey and the background even of our industry and our commercial activity is seen in new relations. Mr. Marvin is the author of two books, *The Living Past* and *The Century of Hope*, which have the very stuff of scholarship turned into erudition in them. But it is as the editor of the "Unity Series," published by the Oxford University Press, that he has covered the largest field. Each volume, *The Unity of Western Civilization*, *Science and Civilization*, and the others, is made up of monographs written by experts in some particular part of the field which is being discussed, and taken all together the "Unity Series" constitutes probably the most significant body of generalization based upon sound scholarship to be found in similar compass in the English language.

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Of course one might go on and on. The histories of particular departments and fields of science and commerce and art have their great place. But the man who will master the materials offered by More and Marvin from their varying points of view will have the beginnings of erudition, and he will have a fine collection of bibliographical material with which to go forward. His mind will be in some degree a reflection of the experiment of civilized life on this planet. And he will discuss any subject with a new sense of its various and fruitful relationships. If the pulpit is to be made a great power, it simply must produce men who pay the great price of years of wide and brooding reading and study which results in the attaining of wide-ranging erudition. The experience of the ages must speak in clear and capable and adequate fashion in the great prophet.

The prophet is a man whose fundamental ethical and spiritual life is the product of the experience reflected in the Old Testament and the New. The passion of the Hebrew prophets has entered into his own blood. He has pronounced the word "righteousness" with all the intensity which characterizes the speech of Amos. He has seen the heartbroken love of God with the eyes and out of the heart of Hosea. He has caught the kingly vision of Isaiah, and Jeremiah has taught him the meaning of that vicarious suffering whose most memorable delineation is in the words of the Isaiah of the exile. He has felt the lyric passion of religion with the psalmists. He has entered into the meaning of the shrewd sagacity of the wisdom literature. He has seen history as a vast sermon in action with the prophetic interpreters of Israel's past. He has come

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to understand the meaning of a God with a character, a God who is righteousness and love alive.

Then he has made his own the mood out of which the cutting passionate words of John the Baptizer came. And he has passed into the large, gracious atmosphere of the presence of Jesus. Here he has found a splendor of moral and spiritual beauty undreamed of before, and with all the generous sympathy an unhesitating moral incisiveness which cuts to the very heart of evil. He has allowed the Gospels to pour their meaning deeply into his mind and heart. He has meditated over their far-reaching implications with Paul and has felt their brooding mystic beauty with John. He has seen the new life become a mighty campaign to win the world. He has found the most essential elements in his prophetic message and the dynamic of his ministry in the transforming experience which speaks in the Old Testament and the New.

But the prophet knows that other peoples have met experiences which he must make his own and must incorporate in his message. The keenest minds which have dealt with the experience of living in this world have belonged to that marvelous Greek people whose life came to full flower in fifth- and fourth-century Athens. Their clarity of thought, their sense of proportion, their subtle understanding of harmony, their exhaustless curiosity of mind, their capacity for observation and classification, and all their gracious artistry of living he must make his own. To be sure, there is more than a suggestion of all this in Jesus himself, for in a sense the Hebrew and the Greek meet and are harmonized in his mind. When he says, "Ye are the salt of the earth," thinking of health and pres-

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ervation from decay, thinking of moral vigor and spiritual virility, he is speaking the very language of the Hebrew spirit. When he says, "Ye are the light of the world," thinking of brightness of illumination and of all the clear and lovely ministries of light, he is speaking pure Greek. The prophet must follow this clue and become capable of a ministry of light. It is not an easy or obvious thing which a man approaches as he attempts to understand the Greek spirit. He may indeed have read much Greek and still be quite innocent of its meaning. If he will read the understanding and interpreting volumes by Professor Butcher, of which *Some Aspects of the Greek Genius* is an example, and will follow Mr. Livingstone through *The Greek Genius and Its Meaning for Us*, *The Pageant of Greece*, and that composite volume, *The Legacy of Greece*, and will make his own the materials of Professor Greene's understanding study, *The Achievement of Greece*, he will be ready to go back to his own study with a new understanding. A good deal of what we call progress consists of forgetting a great thing in order that we may learn the meaning of a useful thing. If we were to forget the meaning of Greece while we are learning the meaning of machines, we would come upon tragedy sad and disillusioning enough at last.

All this leads one to say that the prophet must come to a genuine understanding of the world of beauty. Perhaps it is not putting the matter too strongly to say that we must make beauty Christian or beauty will make pagans of us. We all admit that the prophet must interpret goodness. We are ready to add that he must interpret truth. We are many of us far from clear that he must also interpret beauty. If beauty had

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been mastered and made Christian in the Italian Renaissance, the whole future history of the world might have been different. It is of the very nature of beauty either to lead up to moral and spiritual heights or by a retrogressive movement to lead down to depths of indulgence and even of dark and hideous vice. And just because this is true the prophet cannot ignore a force so potent for good or for evil. To be sure, he must never try to make beauty morally self-conscious. He must never rob it of its fresh and spontaneous luster. But he must see all its creative possibilities. He must see that beauty can give wings to the conscience and to the spirit. And he must be a perpetual example of a mind living at that great spot where truth and goodness and beauty meet, the three together becoming greater than any one of them could be alone.

The prophet is a citizen of his own age, and he cannot avoid if he would the outstanding aspects of its own experience and life. The magical word of our period is the word "science." And the prophet must come to the very heart of the meaning of the scientific movement and of scientific achievement in order that in this realm too he may be a true interpreter. Sometimes the prophet has been tempted to assume a merely hostile attitude to science; in fact, it is to be remarked that most men at first dislike anything which requires them to learn a new vocabulary. The intellectual trouble involved in learning all the passwords involved in so diversified a movement as that of modern science is indeed great. And the prophet is tempted to suspect that in all this transition into a new vocabulary things which are infinitely precious to him may be lost sight of and forgotten. But the way out of the dilemma is



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not hostility to science but the mastery of science. If the prophet cannot teach a scientific vocabulary to be the vehicle of the realities of the spirit, who can be expected to do it? Sometimes the prophet is tempted to be a sort of Henry Clay seeking for compromises by which the new and the old can live together in peace. History would suggest that such compromises are only half-way houses on the road to civil war. There is a third attitude and this we believe is to give the prophet a new opportunity and a new capacity. This third attitude is not one of hostility. It is not one of compromise. It is one of joyous and eager utilization. It consists in a zestful proceeding by a kind of divine right of eminent domain to annex the whole realm of science for the purpose of the moral and spiritual life.

This attitude does not regard science as either the friend or the foe of religion. It sees in all the results of science a vast mass of material ready to be utilized for the noblest sort of moral and spiritual interpretation of life. It knows that these raw materials can be misused. It is frankly and heartily certain that they can be built into the very structure of the temple of God. In the happiest and most assured fashion it turns the scientific vocabulary to the uses of religion. Following the long and adventurous tale of the biological process from that far time when life first emerged from the water and vegetation and animal forms appeared upon the land, on through all the varied stages until civilization becomes suffused with intellectual and æsthetic and moral and spiritual meaning, it sees God as the fundamental potency at every stage and receives a religious impulse from it all of incalculable power. This world of the evolutionary proc-

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ess is the world in which those unfolding intellects which we would win for the Christian sanctions live. And it will come to them as an immeasurable assurance that all these things are profoundly and happily related to the deepest experiences of religion.

The truth is that much of the disturbance in religious circles in the United States at the present time could have been entirely avoided if religious leaders had treated with happy and confident frankness the results of scientific investigation, incorporating them as part of their moral and spiritual message and making them the very vehicles of Christian truth. The policy of silence and evasion has proved very costly. The true prophet lives at the spot where science and creative mysticism, biology and Christian truth meet in bright and joyous fellowship.

The prophet must be able to utilize the findings of the new psychology for the purposes of the kingdom of God. The younger generation knows life with an unabashed frankness hardly paralleled. It knows all the physical experiences from the standpoint of entirely candid discussion. And there are times when the pre-occupation of some psychologists with matters of sex and the reflection of this attitude in the obsessions of current fiction and discussion tend to produce a state of mind in which the physical experiences connected directly and indirectly with the carrying on of the life of the race are seen in a fashion entirely without proportion and understanding. Of course attack is of very little value in respect of these matters. We must meet the new generation on its own ground and with its own passwords we must lead the way out of the morass into safety and sanity and a large, full life. The truth

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is that the creative impulse *is* the fundamental impulse in life. But it only begins with the physical experience of sex; it goes on into ever-enlarging areas. It comes to bloom and beauty in all the lovely creations of art. It comes to fine flower in the creation of all the great institutions which give glory to human life and dignity to the race. It lives in the creative activity of the thinker, in the building of an edifice of the mind by the scholar, and in all the rich and varied play of the mind. It shines in all the moral intuitions of humanity and is the creative force in every system of ethics. You do not need to defy the creative impulse in order to achieve a noble character. You only need to use it for that purpose. It is the inspiration of self-sacrifice. It is the glowing center of all spiritual experience and achievement. When all this is seen, instead of regarding all those mysterious forces which begin to assert themselves in the adolescent period as foes to be conquered, they are understood to be the very forces which lie at the foundation of all the glory of the intellectual and æsthetic and moral and spiritual life. A young man does not need to defy his nature. He needs to use it for the noblest ends. And a motive which appears on a low level can always keep and increase its power as it is sublimated and becomes active on a higher level. The forces which we have so often feared are really our allies and our friends.

The prophet must study all the strange and varied adventures of men as they have tried to learn how to live together. He must see the present experiments in the light of all previous experiments so that he may speak about these things with a ripened wisdom. And he must mingle with concrete men and women who are

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under the heavy burdens of life until he feels the tragic pain of their situation and the meaning of their struggle. And all the while he must appraise and judge these things in the light of the commanding principles which emerge in the life and teachings of Jesus. The dream of the great community must shine before his eyes. And loyalty to the great community must throb in his heart.

And most of all and deepest of all, the prophet must meet God in human life. Everything depends upon how the meeting takes place and what vital meanings enter into it. We meet many people who leave us completely cold, and the memory of the meeting rouses no glow of satisfaction. We meet others at the very peak of personal responsiveness, and in all the following years the memory of the experience stirs us. It is possible to meet Jesus Christ at such a low level of personal vitality that in reality we do not meet him at all. The prophet must have met him at his most sensitive moment of moral struggle. He must have met him at his most acute moment of intellectual insight. He must have met him at his supreme moment of spiritual aspiration. He must have met him with every capacity of sensitive responsiveness exposed to his influence. If any man meets Jesus Christ at the peak of his personal experience it is enough to make a prophet of him. At all events it is sure to make a Christian of him, for the supreme moment in a personal experience among human kind is the moment of such terrible honesty and complete awareness morally and spiritually, that we know that only as our lives find such a reconstruction and completion as Jesus Christ offers is there a possibility of

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harmony and fulfillment and service. In such a moment we know that in meeting him we are meeting the ultimate values of the universe. God has no more to say to us than he says in Jesus Christ.

Along all these lines the prophet comes to understand the exhaustlessness of life. And it is a great moment when, valid and clear in his personal experience, comes the conviction that you are simply not through living when the time comes for you to die. You have only begun. You have only mastered the alphabet. The real reading lies far in the future. And so the intuition arises that only eternity can satisfy the exhaustless passionate hunger of the human spirit. Nobody who kills the infinite in him can believe in immortality. Any man who begins tasks which require eternity will come to believe in a future great enough for the fulfillment of his tasks. Only one who can say, "I am the resurrection and the life," can give him all that he really needs. The greatest human adventure is to make investments which only eternity can realize.

With all these things alive in his mind and heart and will, a man sets about his work as a prophet. He is heartbroken at his own moral and spiritual failure. He is infinitely joyful in a sense of the power of the friendly God whose face he sees in the face of Christ. His task is impossible, but he sets about it with a good heart and with immortal hope.

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THE preacher may be content to be an artisan. Or he may have the great joy of becoming an artist. The difference between the two is essentially expressed in this fashion: The artisan constructs. The artist creates. We do not mean to speak lightly of the preacher as an artisan. For an artisan he must be before he can become an artist. He must master the technique of his craft before he can use it in spontaneous and creative fashion. It is a matter of surprise and of much significance to the student of John Ruskin to find with what patience and scientific accuracy he observed cloud effects and other phenomena of nature through days and months and years. Those royal passages so much admired were not the sudden flashing forth of an imagination which poured its purple vision into rapturous prose. They were the perfect flower of a life devoted to observation as intimate and accurate as that of a natural scientist. So the preacher must master the technique of a craftsman before he can use the wings of the artist.

This means, first of all, that he must become a scholar. It does not mean that he must become a great scholar. Only a life spent in the pursuits of scholarship will bring about that high consummation. It does mean that through disciplined research he shall learn the difference between a fact and a suspicion, the difference between a fact and a surmise, the difference between a fact and a rumor, the difference between investigation and uncritical acceptance, and especially the

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difference between actual sources of knowledge and those secondary authorities which however trustworthy are not quite basic. It should mean—and how eagerly and with what passion I would like to urge this!—the capacity to use the Old Testament with critical discrimination in Hebrew and the capacity to use the New Testament in the same fashion in Greek. With the passing years a vocabulary may take wings, but, especially if a man never preaches on a text which he does not follow back into its original tongue, the contacts will be kept warm. And at the worst the fact that a man once made a scientific study of Hebrew and Greek will make a difference in all his later ministry. The most elastic and subtle of all the languages used by the tongue and pen of man should make its direct contribution to the life of every preacher. And if one thinks this a council of perfection it is only necessary to remember Francis Asbury moving by river valley or up steep mountain trail and when evening came finding a place to study his Greek Testament in some tiny over-populated cabin, or by the light perhaps of a flaming torch in the open. Dr. John L. Myres in the Bennett Lectures at Wesleyan University, *The Political Ideas of the Greeks*, shows how the modern scientific study of Greek throws new light on institutions and the evolution of human society.

The preacher should have a mental map of the course of history so that without reference to books he can visualize the outstanding events and characters of the centuries which come within the ken of actual knowledge. And the history of ideas as well as the history of events should be a part of his equipment. He should know the fashion in which ideas have battled for su-

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premacv in philosophy and theology. He should be familiar with the great names and with the great systems. He should have a clear and understanding contact with the dominant influences of contemporary life, seeing them in their relation to each other and to the central truths which have mastered his own mind. So much on the technical side his years in college and in theological school should do for him. And with such equipment he may be called a good craftsman ready to do the constructive work of an artisan with skill and with dependable energy.

All this is "magnificent, but it is not war." Or, to put it definitely, it represents superb equipment for a preacher but it does not necessarily produce great preaching. And every preacher ought to aspire at last to be a great preacher in at least this one sense, that he leaves the realm of mechanical construction and enters the realm of creative artistry.

May we lift then the question as to the sort of preparation which when it supplements adequate technical training will fit a man's wings for flight? May we ask if there is a fashion in which a man may make possible if not inevitable a creative ministry in the pulpit? And in doing so may we seek to appreciate the quality and some of the characteristics of creative preaching?

Suppose we begin with the Bible. Here it is clear at once that there is a subtle change of emphasis when a man moves on from technical acquirement to that sympathetic apprehension which sets the fountains of creative energy playing. And one may put the difference in this way. An adequate biblical scholar knows with minute accuracy all that can be said about every



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aspect of the problems connected for instance with the message of a particular prophet. He has carefully classified all that there is to know about the man, the period, and the utterance. It is all clear, cool, nobly dispassionate. But the moment he approaches the matter with the instincts of an artist he bends all this material to new uses. He bathes it in his imagination, trained and restrained by long and demanding discipline, to be sure, but capable of that great and gracious experience of entering a heart which long since has ceased to beat and feeling its pulsations with all the warm and glowing energy of life itself. Robert Browning gives a notable description of the process when he tells how he wrote *The Ring and the Book*. In one vivid phrase he declares, "The Life in me abolished the death in things."

The characters of the Old and New Testaments, the truths set forth in these two great collections of documents, and most of all the one supreme personality of the Gospels, will live in a new fashion in the minds of our own generation when the men who stand in the pulpit come with imagination bathed in the very colors of this ancient life, and personality aglow with actual contact with the realities which these ancient writings capture in the mesh of imprisoning words.

The creative preacher will not only find a new relation to the writings of the Bible. He will also find a new relation to the whole human story. History will cease to be an intellectual discipline, and will become a life to be shared. It will all be sound and adequate in a fashion impossible without the discipline of patient and painstaking scholarship. But the bricks which the scholar bakes in his kiln will be built into the great

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palace of the historic imagination. And so the preacher will walk in ancient cities, will share in ancient conversations, will become the contemporary of every significant age whose memorials remain to us. One of the outstanding characteristics of the historical writing of that brilliant scholar Dr. T. R. Glover, the public orator of Cambridge University, is the fashion in which he lives over in his own mind the days of which he is writing. *The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire* might almost be a contemporary document, it is so marked by the qualities of the seeing eye and the immediately responsive heart. The man who can live in the past is, of course, the one man who can make the past speak to the present. The preacher who follows with understanding the struggle of that rarely gifted poet Virgil when the Roman Republic was breaking apart, when anarchy was looking in with lurid eyes and passionately hungry lips, when the only safety of Rome seemed to be in the acceptance of a benevolent tyranny, will understand why Virgil used all the exquisite music of his lovely lines to idealize the reign of Augustus. The hour when Virgil gave up the hope of freedom for the sake of an orderly life which would not be invaded by lawless cruelty has significance for many an age. The preacher who sees anxious men so fearing Bolshevism that they are willing to surrender constitutional liberties for the sake of an orderly life with a security which cannot be disturbed, will think long, long thoughts. Is it ever wise to make the compromise which Virgil made with even benevolent tyranny? At all events the preacher to whom history speaks in the terms of the recurrence of deep human problems in manifold forms will not only find

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his preaching enriched by the likeness of the period of Augustus in certain respects to our own, but through him, every age will have its deep and significant word to speak to the men and women who are now alive. And as he broods in understanding sympathy over the experiences and struggles and problems of the past it will come about that his preaching comes to be a speaking of the ages to the age through one in whose mind the ages and the age meet in deep and significant companionship. That vast continuity and solidarity of human life which so easily escapes the thought and understanding of men will be brought in clear and compelling fashion to hard-pressed men and women who, caught in the clutches of the present, have little thought of the vaster areas of life to which they are related. There is a strange and wonderful expansion of the human spirit which comes when the whole meaning of the human adventure begins to pour into our minds and warm our hearts and quicken our wills. The creative preacher will perpetually be setting the present in its true perspective in relation to the long and varied experience of men. To be sure, it is from hours and months and years of brooding fellowship with the past that he will come to do this great thing. But the price of great art is great labor. And when the fire blazes upon the altar the price will not seem to have been too great. Robert W. McLaughlin's very thoughtful volume, *The Spiritual Element in History*, is a recent example of the study of the human story in the light of the loftiest and most permanent values.

From history to biography is only a step. But it is a step full of significance. If Phillips Brooks was right in defining preaching as truth given through person-

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ality, then the study of actual personalities is one of the most important elements in the equipment of the preacher. The biography of a really great character is usually the tale of what a man did when he became possessed of a powerful idea. So biography is in a sense the story of truth in possession of human personalities. To be sure, sometimes the dominating passion is mistaken or evil and then the biography is the tale of falsehood in possession of a human personality. At all events biographies tell the tale of the adventures of ideals among men. And inasmuch as the preacher's work has in great part to do with making moral and spiritual ideals compelling in human life, there is no reading which in its own way will do more to rouse the creative qualities in his mind in relation to his own task than just the constant perusal of great biographies. The late Alexander Whyte, who spoke with a masterful prophetic power to the conscience of those who heard him in Free Saint George's in Edinburgh and to those who read his books, possessed a library with this very interesting characteristic. One whole room was devoted simply to volumes of biography. It has been said of Sir William Robertson Nicoll, perhaps the most versatile man of letters who engaged in journalism in the period immediately behind us, that he had a passion for biography. He was willing to read any biography. He was always sure to find something rewarding within its covers.

A truth gains quite a new power to compel the attention and the allegiance of men and women when once it is seen looking out of human eyes, walking with human feet, serving with human hands and speaking with a human voice. The preacher who knows many

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great biographies in a thoroughly familiar way comes at last to the happy hour where every truth of which he can think suggests at once the life story of great mariners who nailed that truth to the masts of their ships. In fact, the greatest commentary on the New Testament is the whole collection of Christian biographies. It is the Acts of the Apostles brought right down to the hour in which we live. Harold Begbie's *Life of General William Booth* and Professor Barbour's *Life of Alexander Whyte* very well illustrate what I mean.

It is also true that there is no way to enter an unfamiliar field like that which lies before our feet when we enter through the door of biography. In our own time in the United States Professor Pupin's *From Immigrant to Inventor* opens the way to the very heart of a man of science. Going back to the life of an earlier and critical period, Professor Preserved Smith's *Life of Erasmus* gives us a new understanding of the genius of humanism. To be saved from the raw and the parochial and the provincial is the desire of every upstanding young minister. There is no royal road to the cosmopolitan mind. But a very joyous and dependable road is the way of biography, and the man who goes through the lives of manifold men and women trying to see each through the eyes which saw as never man saw before will find a veritable access of power to his activity as a preacher.

The fascinating study of personalities with all their manifold differences leads inevitably to a new consideration of the matter of standards. How are we to find unity in all of this diversity? And how are we to be sure of our proper appreciation of values? Unquestionably the New Testament itself in the personal-

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ity and work of Jesus and in the interpretation of his person and work and will offers comprehensive and satisfactory answers to these questions. But there also arises the necessity of learning how to present distinctions as to taste and standard with the sharpest discrimination and with the utmost force. And here the habit of reading the great masters of literary criticism will be of the most definite benefit to the preacher. Such a volume as Professor Irving Babbitt's *The Masters of Modern French Criticism* will form an introduction of singular brilliancy and charm. Indeed, Professor Babbitt himself is a critic with all the French finesse, with a classic chastity of taste, an English vigor of common sense, and a subtle infusion of the American spirit. The very reading of his clear and incisive and trenchant writing will give a new sharpness of edge to the preacher's speech. When he goes on, perhaps to that great master of criticism Sainte-Beuve, he will find himself moving in an atmosphere of great urbanity, of infinitely gracious and heartily sympathetic human interest, with a perspective constantly becoming more sure and clear. There is an angularity, a roughness, a jolting of words as of an old-fashioned wagon moving over a road in bad condition, which characterizes much preaching. A critic like Sainte-Beuve not only lifts standards of judgment. He also illustrates standards of style. And the preacher who spends manifold hours in his company will find a certain grace of mental movement and a quiet music of phrase entering his own speech. It will be a nobler thing than imitation. It will be the subtle apprehension of a spirit which expresses itself in a gentle strength of utterance.

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The great critics too will help us to do vigorous execution against evil without the perpetual use of hard roughness of speech. The "Anvil Chorus" is the only music which is suggested by some sturdy occupants of the pulpit. An attack can be very deadly and yet very gentle. The masters of criticism teach us the art of a warfare which is none the less effective because it utilizes the arts of the most civilized speech. Here another type of essayist can help us. For Steele and Addison knew how to laugh evil out of countenance. And at their best the early eighteenth century essayists knew how to make goodness fashionable.

The reading of much able criticism will give a new sense of the meaning and permanence and power of high standards. And from this reading the preacher will return to the Gospels and the New Testament with a certain subtle and very significant re-enforcement. He will be ready to bring a new and clarified apprehension as to the meaning and permanence and power of high standards, and of the meaning of sanctions of law in a world where lawlessness has wrought such havoc. And if the law he finds in the New Testament is all transfigured by the graciousness and spontaneousness of love, it is none the less firm and austere dependable for that. The Gospels take the castle of the Ten Commandments and cause lovely flowers to bloom all over its stern towers. But the Gospels never surrender the castle.

From criticism the student of human thought moves on to philosophy. Here we may be met by a tendency to question on the part of those who care about creative preaching. Is there any discipline where it is so easy "to read oneself into ignorance" as that of philos-

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ophy? Is there not a tendency to become lost in matters of abstruse classification and in esoteric distinctions in which no congregation of everyday men and women can maintain an interest? Is philosophy really the friend of vital and creative preaching?

In reply one may admit that there is a certain agile and deft picking up of popular catchwords and a certain appeal to the type of mind most quickly reached by the journalism which bases all its utterances on the assumption that the American public does not care for ideas, that there is a pulpit equivalent of jazz music for which the study of philosophy will not equip a man. Indeed, the study of philosophy in a comprehending fashion will probably make that sort of thing impossible. If preaching is the equivalent of writing pert and smart paragraphs for yellow journals, by all means let us avoid philosophy. But few serious students of the contemporary pulpit would desire it to be maintained as a theater for smart sayings or as a platform for moral or religious fables in slang.

On the other hand, earnest listeners must have noticed that Sunday after Sunday many excellent preachers offer thoughts rather than thought, that there is no continuity, no organic quality to their mental life, that the sermons of a year suggest a quilt carefully pieced together rather than one complete picture, every part of the scene in its place. And the very great weakness in the impact of such a ministry upon the mind of the listeners lies just in the fact that its message is not a growing thing each week adding something which comes inevitably out of what was said before and insures that certain other things will be said afterward. The human mind—even the untrained mind—has an



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instinctive perception of the difference between bright and deft thoughts which do not fit together and a careful and consistent point of view slowly wrought out with infinite patience and with the greatest skill. It is only the man with a view of life and God in which all the elements fit together who can render the greatest service to a community.

Now, there is no discipline which is of more service in developing a distaste for fragmentary and unrelated thoughts and in making the mind capable of thinking things together in large and harmonious relations than the study of the great philosophic interpretations beginning with the Greek. It is not too much to say that the whole quality of modern preaching would be marvelously improved if every minister passed through a searching and understanding study of those thoroughly wrought-out systems of thought which the masters of philosophy have given to mankind. A man does not move from Plato to Hegel through all the ways of interpreting minds without an entirely new quality coming into his own mental ideal and method.

Theology is in a sense the philosophy of the Christian religion. If it is comprehensive and systematic it will be based upon the fundamental sanctions of a philosophic system which adequately considers personality human and divine. The work of such a brilliant thinker as Professor Borden P. Bowne in respect of the theory of thought and knowledge, of theism, and of metaphysics is a superb preparation for the work of a systematic theologian. The preacher who is a systematic theologian is simply a preacher whose thought about Christianity is organic. His preaching will be characterized by a perspective, a poise, and an intel-

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lectual synthesis impossible without philosophical and theological training. Even a preacher of spontaneous and creative energy must have intellectual vertebrae and philosophy and theology will assure the possession of this element of his equipment.

If it is true—and I think we dare not deny it—that the man highly trained in philosophy and systematic theology may in the very keenness of his dialectical efforts, in the very sharpness of his intellectual distinctions and in his enthusiasm for broad generalization and intellectual construction lose contact with the heartily human, he must face the necessity of finding types of reading which will perpetually recall him to the concrete experience of human life, to the passion and pain, the hope and fear, the joy and sorrow, the defeat and victory of the actual human adventure.

And here we come upon the contribution of literature to the production of the creative mind. To be sure, biography and history and the critical essay of which we have already spoken may have great literary values and may serve the purposes of which we are speaking. But we are thinking now especially of poetry, lyric and epic and dramatic, and of all the diversified representations of human life to be found in fiction. The lyric poem is a concrete human joy or sorrow turned into a song. The epic is a great human adventure with many episodes set to the music of poetic form. The drama reveals the clash of personality in some climax of intensity as the great emotions and passions contend upon the field of experience. It is obvious that all of this writing, expressed often with a supreme loveliness and in a style of distinguished discipline and power, comes to the preacher as the

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golden harvest of ripened grain comes to the farmer. Keen dialectic and comprehensive generalization find themselves challenged and checked and guided by the actual tragedy and glory of individual personality in action. Sometimes—as with Dante, who set the brilliant thinking of Thomas Aquinas to music—the poet himself is master of a great system of thought. And then the concrete fact and the general principle meet in a rare and gracious wedlock.

In fiction the whole panorama of individual and social experience in every race and in every age comes within the legitimate field of the writer. Kings and judges and serfs, warriors, prophets, and priests, revolutionary leaders and conservative statesmen and humble citizens, doctors, lawyers, manufacturers, and merchants, captains of industry and busy toilers at automatic machines, women about the engaging and difficult tasks of the home, and women in the whirl of social gayety, saints with the light of God reflected in their faces, and restless sinners in every stage of disintegration and decay—all the kinds of people in all the varieties of situations which the human scene provides are the objects of the novelist's study, his descriptions, and his interpretations. Here the preacher finds an untold wealth of material. For this is in concrete individual presentation the human life to which he must speak the golden word of prophecy. It is true that he must be on his guard against misinterpretation and false emphasis in the writer. It is also true that the masters of fiction will teach him to know his own people as he has never known them before. One of Thackeray's novels edged with urbane irony, or one of Dickens' passionate human delineations will recall

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a preacher quickly enough when he is tempted to wander in the vague fields of impersonal generalization.

Perhaps no pulpit leader in our time has fully realized the field which scientific investigation and the scientific sanctions offer for the use of the creative preacher. Science has given our age its vocabulary, its presuppositions and its intellectual accent and even its practical attitude. The attempt to reconcile science and religion is a mere playing on the edges of the great sea. By a splendid right of eminent domain the preacher must claim every legitimate result of scientific investigation as his own. He must turn the scientific vocabulary to moral and spiritual uses. He must gather the whole achievement of science into a synthesis dominated by the personality and lordship of Jesus Christ.

Here he will do some of his closest and clearest thinking. Here he will come with his own struggles of mind and heart to warm what might be a piece of cold dialectic until it becomes a part of the romance of moral and spiritual adventure. The biological process is never understood until you see God at the heart of it and Jesus Christ and his kingdom as the goal of it. Professor Harris Franklin Rall has said that religion is the inside of everything. It is surely the inside of science. The great scientific mystic has the future of religion as well as the future of science in his grasp.

In the barest outline we have ventured to suggest some of the fields and some of the activities which will quicken into action the creative forces of a preacher's mind. His own vision of God, his own contact with the living Christ in hours of moral struggle and spiritual victory, his own contact with men in the heat and strain and under the bitter burdens of the years with

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great hopes and passions playing in and out of their lives, and his own adventure of daring to think and daring to live, must bring all his reading and study to that white heat of intensity where imitation changes to originality, where the artisan becomes the artist, and where preaching inevitably becomes creative. In that hour it will become clear that if the full price be paid we will stand not in the twilight of preaching but in the radiant sunrise of the preacher's day.

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THERE is a striking sentence in that division of Robert Browning's great poem "The Ring and the Book" in which the young priest Giuseppe Caponsacchi tells his story. He had been encouraged by his guides to be a sort of gay and skillful social butterfly with a subtle spiritual halo about the delicate gauze of his wings. One day in serious mood he turned to his patron with the words, "Sir, what if I turned Christian?" It is a notable question not only for a priest but for every leader in every church. If all the preachers of all the communions "turned Christian," they would have an astounding impact upon the life of the world. And this we will never be forgetting is the fundamental matter. The Archbishop of Upsala has defined a saint as a man who makes it easy for other men to believe in God. The preacher will always remember the startling quality of this challenge.

Sometimes it is said cynically of a certain type of minister that he makes the best of both worlds. There is surely a bad sense in which a preacher can be at home in the world. We are tempted to take for granted things which Jesus never viewed with complacency. We are tempted to be at ease in situations which caused him the most acute moral distress. We must not fail to understand that we have nothing to say when we lose the mind of Christ. But it is also true that a message must be given in a language which is understood by the men who are to receive it. The preacher must know men's interests. He must be able

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to use their passwords. He must be a man of men. He must be alive to the finger tips. He must be a vivid, vital human being whose hearty and friendly sympathy shines in his eyes and glows upon his face. So shall he win men's interest even before he utters a word, and life itself will speak in his utterance.

Organization is one of the two or three compelling watchwords of the century. Production, transportation, and salesmanship have been organized with the highest degree of skill. The preacher in charge of a church cannot escape the demand that he shall bring to tasks of organizing administration the best strength and acumen which he can provide. He must be a man who can get other people to work and to work in orderly and productive fashion. He must be a man who never does anything himself which he can persuade someone else to do. Every man who has a personal responsibility develops a new and hearty loyalty to the church. It is not the preacher who gets lost in details but the leader who provides a policy and secures the interest of all his people in working out the details, who proves a builder of the edifice of the church. And an essential responsibility of the preacher has to do with such a skillful leadership in organization that he is able to obtain ample time for reading, for meditation, and for the most intense study.

Here we come upon the real theme which I wish to discuss. For I am not to speak of the preacher as a man of personal piety, or as a friend of men, or as an instrument of high-powered efficiency. These things are assumed and their great importance is admitted. The theme upon which we are to center our attention, however, is "The Preacher as a Scholar."

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By a scholar I mean first of all a man who knows the meaning of evidence and constantly makes the distinction between primary sources and secondary authorities. I need not say that such a man never confuses rumor with statements soundly buttressed upon definite facts. He does not mistake passion for evidence, and he does not substitute enthusiasm for investigation. He knows the meaning of scientific research. He understands its utensils and he is skillful in their use.

It is particularly important that the preacher should experience and make his own in a very personal way the type of training which produces the scholar's habit of mind. It is doubly urgent because the very prophetic quality of the preacher's vocation makes it very easy for him to fly away on the wings of emotion and rhetoric, leaving the realm of solid fact quite behind him. The morals of pulpit oratory are of the most stern and demanding sort and many there be who fail to rise to their high demands.

Prophecy is truth set on fire. It is not the product of a blazing personality which has quite lost regard for truth. The strategy of the preacher's power lies just at the point of an assured mastery of all the facts, an assured command of the actual truth, at the very moment when the fire of passion begins to glow. When passion is the vehicle of truth so completely mastered and so loyally held that the hot utterance of the hour of rising feeling may be tested without fear by the cool analysis of a day when feeling has ebbed, then you have prophecy indeed. The preacher of all men must be most sure of his facts, and most dependably related to the solid realm of truth.

Then we must not forget that there has been a vast



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increase in the number of trained minds to be found in this republic. There is no spot so lonely, so remote from the arteries of the intellectual life, but men of sound mental discipline and scientific habits of thought are found there. They are pivotal men in their communities. It is of very great practical importance that they should be won for that fellowship of good will, the Christian Church. If the ministers to whom these men listen are preachers with loose habits of thought and careless methods of expression, men who are not dependable as to facts and not trustworthy as to conclusions, the solid men of their communities will simply refuse to accept their leadership. It is putting the matter in a frank, practical way to say that the level of ministerial leadership must rise intellectually with the rising tides of the mental life of the democracy. Of course it ought to do much more than that. For the minister ought to think of his preparation in terms of the dignity of his calling and the august truths he is to bear to men and a personal devotion to Jesus Christ which would claim the very best of which a trained mind is capable for him and for his cause in the world. The greatest of themes deserves the most highly trained and dependable of minds. The Supreme Master deserves the most completely disciplined processes of thought which can be brought to his service.

First of all, then, the man who is in a course of training for the Christian ministry should become clearly and definitely efficient in that scientific research and appraisal which lie at the basis of all sound learning. It has been said with a certain bright thrust of penetration that it is easier to be brilliant than to be careful. The training which makes a young investiga-

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tor careful puts a solid foundation at the basis of all his mental life.

The German seminar method is, of course, the very best of the processes for training men in research. The close and critical scrutiny of highly trained minds applied to every detail of the work submitted puts a man upon his metal, and out of the testing process he comes having learned the real nature of evidence, and the sound methods of dealing with the sources.

It will be a happy thing if much of this work is done in one of the departments of theological discipline which have so intimate a relation to a preacher's life and work. The study of Hebrew and the process of working at the characteristic problems of Old Testament scholarship will give a man a new relation to fields of the utmost richness at the very moment when his mind is being forged into an instrument of the utmost precision. The preacher who spends a long period upon the intimate and persistent investigation of the Old Testament materials in Hebrew will come to speak with a quiet assurance and a solidity of understanding impossible without just such work.

The Greek New Testament offers a field of the utmost allurements. And the fact that the study of the New Testament writings in their original form means the study of these materials in Greek is one of the happiest elements in the situation which confronts the young biblical scholar, for Greek is the language of the most highly disciplined and rarest culture which the world has known. The Greek spirit can almost be described as the spirit of civilization itself. And the Greek language is the reflection of the mighty monument of the Greek spirit. To be sure, fifth-century

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Athens had passed away when the New Testament documents were written and they were written in a decadent Greek which had parted company with that high Attic chastity of form which characterized the greatest days of Hellas. But the Greek of the New Testament is still Greek, and even in decadent days it is a vehicle of expression of elasticity, of vigor, and of manifold richness. The preacher will feel that he must allow the Gospels to speak to him in Greek. He must allow Paul to speak to him in Greek. And the more adequate his Greek scholarship the more sound will be the foundation for all his preaching. Professor Doremus A. Hayes has written a fascinating little book entitled, *Greek Culture and the Greek Testament*, which puts the case for the study of the Greek classics and the New Testament in Greek with tremendous effectiveness. The reader of this book will know something of the just claims that Greek makes upon him.

Or it may be that the preacher's personal scholarship will be based upon a close and adequate study of some period in the life of the Christian Church or some movement of Christian thought. The past must live in the life of the true preacher, and if he has wrought with men in ancient deeds or thought with them through ancient thoughts—all this with the care and accuracy of actual research—he will come to the present with the wisdom of the past his own in a new and compelling fashion.

We do not mean, of course, that every preacher can become a great authority in some field of scholarship. What we do mean we may illustrate by the distinction which is made in some universities between the re-

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quirements for the Master's and the Doctor's degrees. In order to receive the Doctor's degree a scholar must make some actual contribution to knowledge. His thesis must involve the scientific setting forth of this knowledge which he has brought to light, with its sources properly catalogued. The candidate for the Master's degree need not make a contribution to knowledge, but he must show a complete command of the sources in some restricted area. In that small field he must have command of all that is within the reach of curious scholarship. If any source is left out of his critically annotated bibliography, he will not receive his degree. Now, not every preacher can do the sort of work denoted by a Doctor's degree in course, though happily many preachers may do just this thing. Every preacher, however, ought to have behind him the sort of work represented by a Master's degree. The full comprehension of an area of scientific scholarship, however small, makes a contribution it is difficult to exaggerate to a preacher's equipment. He will touch everything else with a surer hand all of his life because of that one piece of technical discipline and technical attainment.

There is a type of scholarship, however, which goes beyond that of the microscopic specialist in a particular field. There is a scholarship which after dependable discipline in research in one part of a particular field receives the reports of other workers in detail in the whole field and welds them into a comprehensive unity. Many young scholars investigated small areas at Johns Hopkins University. Then John Fiske, using these scientific investigations as a basis for his work, created his memorable volumes of history. But this type of

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scholar may move out to even larger areas. Having come to thoroughly scientific relation to materials in one department, he may choose to live where the departments meet, receiving and appraising the returns from many fields, and attaining at last a full-orbed scholarship soundly buttressed at every point by the work of scientific investigators. He may take as his motto the great sentence of Matthew Arnold, "He saw life steadily and saw it whole."

America has been particularly lacking in scholars of this comprehensive quality of learning. And a certain parochial and provincial accent which sometimes characterizes the work of our technical scholars may be accounted for in the light of this fact. The man who lives where the departments meet is at that place of strategy where the double-entry bookkeeping of the mind may be changed into actual thought. This is a matter of far-reaching importance, for many scholars never become thinkers. There is an atrophy of the mind which oddly enough may accompany the most painstaking and dependable research. But the man who lives where the departments meet is confronted by all the clenched antagonisms of divergent fields. If he is ever to reach a higher unity in which these seeming contradictions are resolved into harmony, he must think as he has never thought before.

It is this comprehensive type of a scholarship which is most important for the preacher. Of course, it cannot be said too strongly that it must be based upon the soundest scholarship of the technical sort, for the man who substitutes clever generalization for sound investigation is likely to become a menace in any field. The generalization is to be the fruit of ripe scientific knowl-

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edge, and not an evasion of its requirements. With this necessity in our minds we are in no danger of going astray when we declare that the scholar of wide outlook in whose mind the productive research in many fields meets and is harmonized is capable of becoming the very greatest sort of preacher. That interpretation which is the final mental task of a preacher is possible to such a scholar as it is possible to no other man. For stimulus and guidance along these lines the young student may turn to such a writer as Professor Irving Babbitt, of Harvard, whose brilliant volume *The Masters of Modern French Criticism* illustrates what can be done when a fully equipped scholar takes a comprehensive view of one period in one country in respect of one great discipline. The best American example of comprehensive scholarship is found in the eleven volumes of the *Shelburne Essays*, by Paul Elmer More. Here an erudition of the widest range is brought to bear upon a criticism of life which undertakes to see the human adventure in the light of human experience. Very little which is significant in the intellectual ferment of Western civilization from its beginnings escapes the acute and highly organized mind of Paul Elmer More.

The preacher who builds his life as a scholar about such ideals as those we have been advocating becomes a man of the utmost ripeness of mind. He is never contented with facts until he has seen them pass through all sorts of relations to human experience. As he reads the history and literature of particular periods he literally lives the whole past over again. He takes it into his mind. He takes it into his heart. He allows it to move with subtle kindling power among the

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live wires of his will. He sees the present in the light of the past. He brings the full light of human experience and struggle and hope and fear, of defeat and victory to bear upon every subject which he discusses. The habit not merely of reading history and biography and literature but of living at the heart of history and biography and literature gives him a quality of matured wisdom which inevitably captures and holds men's minds. A man whose life has been enriched by it speaks from the whole range of human experience to the varied experiences of contemporary life.

It was said of Sir William Robertson Nicoll, perhaps the most amazing journalistic man of letters of the century just behind us, that with all his manifold attainments he knew very little of science. That will not be true of our scholar preacher. He will all the while be reading dependable volumes reporting the returns of scientific experiment and research in every field. He will keenly follow the physical sciences. He will persistently follow the biological sciences. And all the while he will think of science not merely as a body of objective truth but as a body of truth discovered through human activity. He will never forget the human adventure of the scientist. And so he will keep in mind all the facts of free-moving mentality which are basal in the history of science, as well as the impersonal facts brought to light in many a field. So the relation of the history of science to personality will introduce him to the personal view of all the sciences as a body of facts based on personal activity as well as discovered through personal investigation. The man who really understands the scientist always finds it easier to believe in God.

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The whole biological process is ready to speak eloquently of life moving toward mental distinction and moral discernment and spiritual insight to the man who understands it. The man who sees the spiritual implications of modern science has doors opening upon vast vistas standing wide before him. And when he apprehends the whole biological process understood and explained at last by means of Jesus Christ, its consummation and yet its Master, Evolution itself is seen to be a Christian discipline.

The fields from which we may choose illustrations of the new power and insight which will come to the preacher who with a scholar's training and a thinker's mind lives where the departments meet and sees and interprets all things in their relation to the mighty and masterful significance of Jesus Christ, are as varied as the range of human thought and activity. Such a preacher can do more than say with Dumas' character the Count of Monte Cristo, "The world is mine." He can say, "History is mine," "Science is mine," "Literature is mine." And so his religion becomes as large as life, and every aspect of life feels the conquering hand of religion. It is so that in our own age Jesus Christ comes to have pre-eminence in the mind of the preacher, and through him in the minds and the lives of the people to whom he ministers.







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